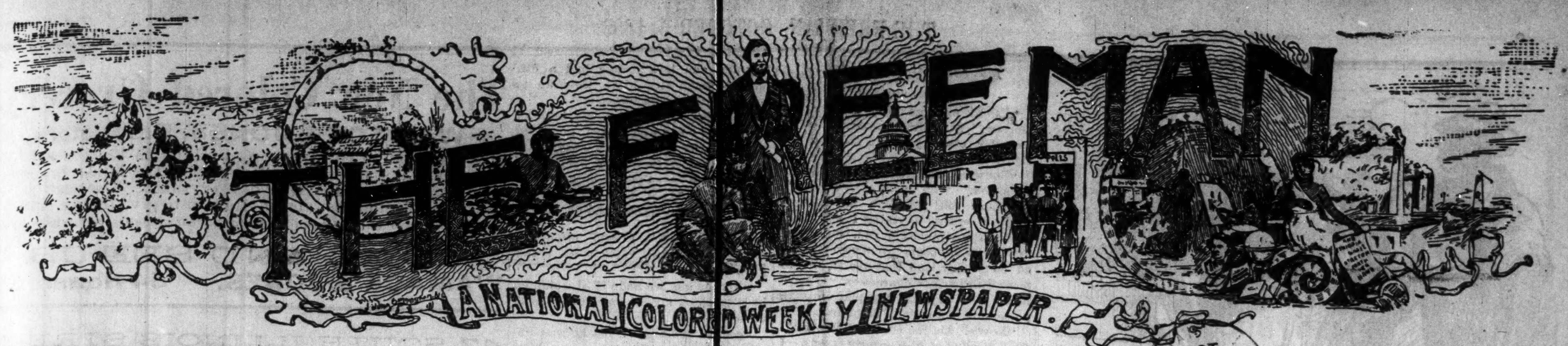

A NATIONAL COLORED WEEKLY NEWSPAPER.

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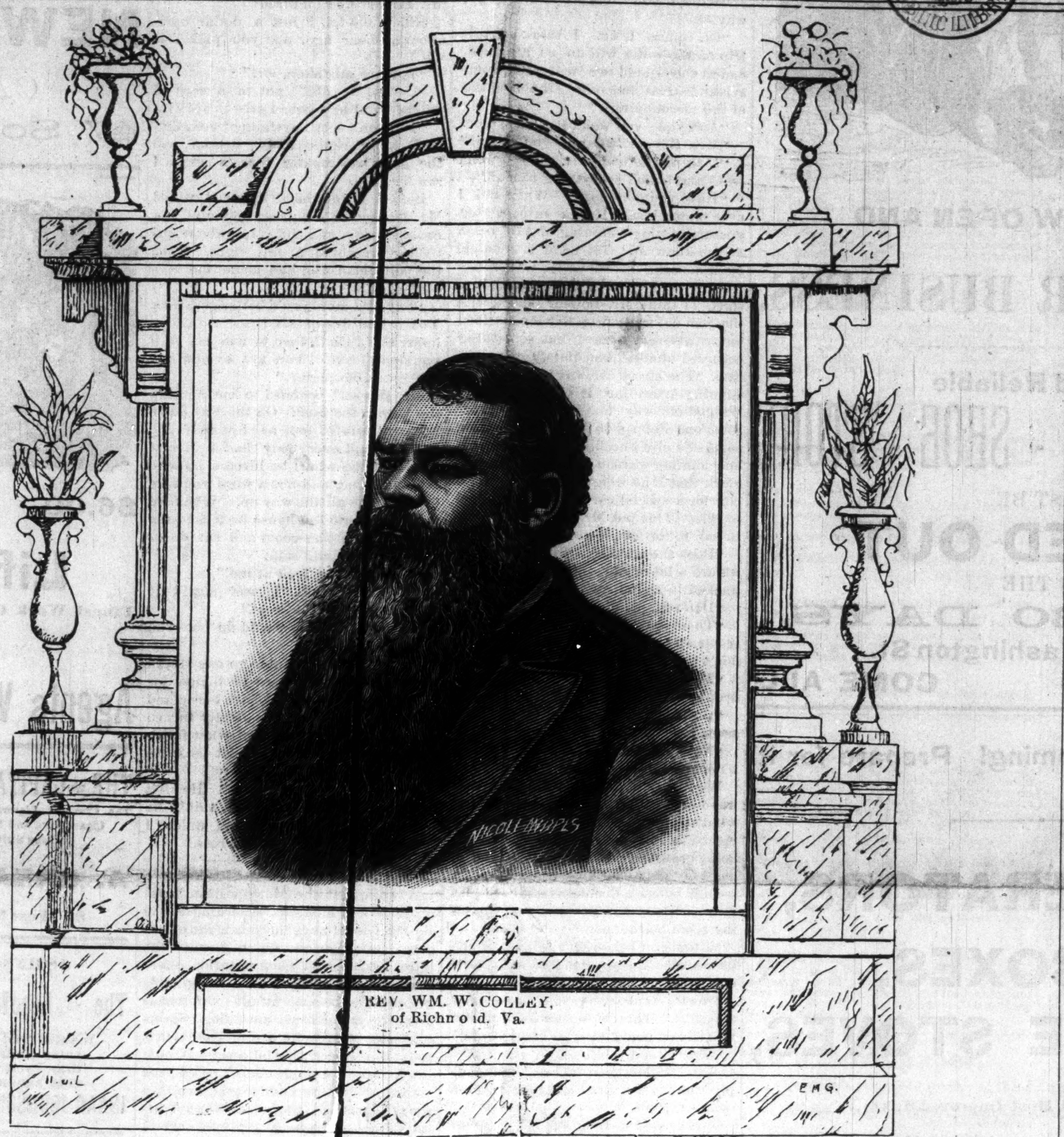
Of Virginia, Editor, Missionary and Preacher, Fifteen Years in the Mission Work and About Eight Years in the Wilds of Africa—An Applicant for the Congo Free State Mission.

It has been said that the really great men of the colored race could be counted on the diggits and that this greatness was of an ephemeral nature. This statement may have been true when uttered twenty years ago, but it is nonesense when applied to the Negro race of America to-day. It has great men by the score; great men in every State; great men in every city and hamlet; great men too numerous to mention. When Livingston made his detour of Central Africa all the world wondered when Stenley explored the southern and western coast of that great continent all the world applauded him. These men went as adventurers and curiosity-seekers, wrote their books, presented their bills and the people paid for them. Since the day of Livingston and Stanley, new Richmonds have entered the fields of Africa armed with the bible and spelliing book and though the world does not applaud, they are slowly but surely redeeming Africa for Christ. They are the pioneers and evangels of the "dark continent." Among those who have done and are doing much for this great though benighted country none stand higher and deserve more prominence than Rev. Wm. W. Colley, the subjectof this sketch, who seems to have been born an evangel and leader. He first saw the light in Prince Edward Co., Va., in '47, of a slave mother, was educated in Richmond, Va,, and graduated from the Rich-Theog Institute in '73. He helped to establish, edited and managed the Baptist Companion, an influential paper at Portsmouth, Va., and was editor and proprietor of the African Missions in Richmond. In 1873 he was induced to leave the pastoral charge in Conn., and go to the valley of the Niger in western Africa.

He spent five years here under the tutelage of the Southern Baptist Board It may be here added that Rev. Colley was the first colored man to be sent in this capacity by any board after the war. The other ten years in the service of the Dark Continent he has spent under the auspices of the colored Baptists of the United States. Rev. Colley, while an editor, publisher and missionary, has also preached and had pastored charges successfully. In Virginia and in Connecticut there are, to-day, churches which stand as monuments to his work, and he has preached in every State from Maine to Mexico. He taught school in his native State when a young man, and here laid the foundation of a broad and liberal education. He was among the first to agitate missionary work among the colored Baptists of the country, and is to-day regarded as the pioneer in the work, while in Africa he did more than the usual work assigned to missionaries. He sought the Kings of various tribes and made treaties with them. He kept up a friendly relation between the missionaries and all the tribes and often arbitrated differences between tribes. He has taken great interest in the Liberian government and has many friends among that people. He is thoroughly in love with and conversant with the work and affairs in Africa and largely for these reasons the National Association of colored Baptists in their deliberations in this city a few weeks ago endorsed him for consul to the Congo Free State and appointed a committee to wait upon President Harrison to urge the appointment. That Dr. Colley is in every way qualified goes without the saying and that he is thoroughly interested in the work is evidenced by fifteen years of continuous service in that country. He knows Africa and its people and customs, and he loves them. What better recommendations than these? The present consul Lieutenant Taunt of New York had spent but six months in Africa prior to his appointment by Pres. Cleveland

How does ,his stand as compared to fifteen years? Rev. Colly is endorsed, not only by the Baptists, but by the people generally, and we believe that could the entire opinion of the race be obtained it would be unanimous for Rev. Colley. So long has Rev. Colley labored for the public that he has as large an acquaintance as any colored man in the country, with the possible exception of Hon. Fred. Douglass. He is the District General Secretary and agent for the States of Tennessee, Arkansas and Kentucky, and he is the founder of the Baptist Foreign Mission Convention of the United States, which met in this city during the session of the National Colored Baptists. He is the founder of the mission work in Western Soudan, Central Africa. It was in this country that he met the famous King Fa ma-na, and negotiated a treaty with him. He met and made a treaty with "Eoguque," the great king of the Valley of the Niger. The period in Rev. Colley's personal history to which he loves to refer is the five years which he spent in the service of the Southern Baptist Board, of Richmond, Va. This Board is one of the largest and most influential of its kind in the world, controlling, as it does, many thousands of dollars, and raising annually between $50,000 and $70,000. He had entire charge of the funds at a distance of several thousand miles, made good reports and gave entire satisfaction.



REV. WM. W. COLLEY,
of Richmond, Va.

We want a man when he speaks at a public meeting to tell us what he will do for the Negro and not tell us what has been done by somebody else.—Ex.

THE SOUTH AS IT IS.

The New South---Same Old South---President Harrison's Indifference.

Birmingham, Ala., Special to The Freeman.

I promised to continue my "South as It Is," so I again beg a bit of your valuable space. The South, as a part of this Nation, is now what it never has been before, and what it could never be with the hellish institution of slavery. Slavery cursed the owner as well as the slave and God cursed the earth on the account of this accursed institution, and the terra firma that only yielded cotton, corn, sage and prickly pears under the overseer's lash, now is heaving up hundreds of tons of coal and iron under the pacific regime of freedom.

The old mossback that used to drive his ox cart ten miles to the village to sell a few beans may now and then be seen sitting back in a comfortable house of his own with a handsome bank account.

The mob law to-day is of as much force as ever. Two days ago a Negro shot and killed a deputy sheriff who was attempting to arrest him. The Negro fled, but was pursued by 150 armed men with blood (nigger) hounds, and was treed like a wild animal by the bloodthirsty men and dogs, and was shot out of the tree like a squirrel. This all happened within two miles of the court house, at one o'clock in the day time, and the authorities with all their skillful detective force are unable to ascertain the name of a single man who participated in the inhuman act!

This is the New South!

Glorious land!

If this portion of the Union is not in open rebelli on then I can not conceive of such a thing. If the President is not asleep then he is the most unconcerned man that ever filled the Presidential chair.

More internal bloodshed has taken place within these few month's of Harrison's administration than during the four years of Cleveland's. If the U. S. army is not to protect its citizens they ought to disband and not be a heavy burden upon the revenue of the Commonwealth. Military companies are organized all over the South, but their principal duty is to suppress Negro riots and prevent "race wars."

Gen. Alger was in the city a few days ago, but he had no time to see the South as it is. He was hauled round, toasted, wined and flattered so by Southern men that no doubt he went away with quite a fine impression of this part of the South per se. The colored citizens did not call on him, though two or three colored men went in person representing themselves only.

The newly appointed postmaster of Birmingham is giving the Negroes a cold wave. They endorsed him as Republicans and some even sacrificed much in order to have him appointed, but now he does not notice their entreaties for pie. We will say more of the postoffice in our next. Birmingham is a great city, but is as wicked as the devil wants it to be.

BROTHER IN BLACK.

THE SOUTHERN NEWS.

Pensacola's Republicans Snub the Negro--A New Leadership Wanted---Personal Points and Paragraphs

Pensacola, Fla., Special to The Freeman.

It is encouraging to note the progress being made by the A. M. E. church people at this point under the pastorate of the Rev. J. G. Grimes. Each quarterly conference shows a mark improvement. He has labored unceasingly to advance the interest of the church for nearly two years, a great part of the time under adverse circumstances. The financial condition of the church has been good the membership increased, the poor looked after, the Sabbath school has received his attention, improvement made on the church and he has led a blameless and spotless life.

The new postmaster took charge of the postoffice last week, and now the talk is who shall be the employees. It is said that the colored people will get their share of the offices but I am of the opinion that time will tell a different tale. As long as the colored leaders manage affairs as they have done and still do they may expect little or nothing when it comes to asking for offices. Nothing will change things here politically until we have new and more discreet leaders. Since writing the above, things has changed wonderfully. Monday 17th or 18th, men met in a caucas and recommended the following gentleman to the postmaster for positions: W. A. May, P. R. Benjamin, R. S. Smith and one Mr. Brown. A portion of the gentlemen composing this meeting called upon him and informed him of the results of the caucas. Tuesday a reporter called at his office and expressed himself as being surprised at the conduct of some of the said to be the leaders, and said emphatically that he would not appoint any colored Republicans to office until Nov. 1st. and probably not then. The whole trouble appears to hang over the applications of the most intelligent and respected citizen here for a position far beneath his stooping to accept in the estimation of his many friends. Three or four men who seems to have a considerable amount of influence with the postmaster opposes this applicant. They say that their applicant thinks and acts for himself and will not be driven around to to suit others. While all of this nonsense is in operation, the white Republicans are being appointed without a word of opposition. When the cravings and wishes of these "brilliant lights" are satisfied probably a colored man may get a five cent place.

The colored military company is an established fact. Mr. Whitfield Dupont is its secretary.

Ex-Marshal Duncan Mallett and Whitfield Dupont are on the sick list.

Moses White now has sole control of the fish business formerly carried on by R. H. Matthews and himself.

E. H. Kelly and Richard Blount are two of the happiest men in town over the presents from their better halves of bouncing little visitors.

Mr. Hortensius Cook departed this life last week. His funeral took place from the St. John Baptist church. The Rev. James Banks officiated.

J. C. Young, the only umbrella and parasol repairer here is now located on Tarragona street between Garden and Romana.

A GREAT TIME AT MADISON.

Colored Fellow Citizens Celebrating A Very Important Event in Their History.

The colored people of Madison and vicinity have had a great time here, Celebration delegations were present from Louisville and other cities. The booming of a cannon at sunrise and the pocession starting was an enlivening feature. County and city officers turned out and rode in the processsion. Speeches were made by the Hon. J. L. Griffit, W. Allison Sweeney Rev. Mr. Christion. Mr. Sweeny concluded in a very impressive manner, commencing his peoration by quoting a verse from Longfellow's famous poem, as follows:

"There is a poor blind Samson in the land,
Shorn of his strength and bound in bars of steel,
Who may in some grim revel raise his hand
And shake the pillars of the common weal,
Till the great temple of our liberties
A shapeless mass of wreck and ruin lies."

"For the sake of the world's greatest hope, God grant that the day may never come! For the sake of rejuvenated, disenthralled America stay the day! For the sake of this blighted wronged and maimed Samson may the catastrophe be averted! If the temples of our sacred liberties are yet to be raked and shaken, let the deed not be perpetrated by the fierce and restless grasp of racial hate and internal dissension- Pray that common sence cool judgement and justice may prevail, and that disintegration must come, and havoc follow fast, let the black and the white blend their blood in one common cause against a common foe for the glory of united America, and the prosperity of her matchless institutions.'

THE CELEBRATION OF LINCOLNS FAMOUS EDICT IN ST. LOUIS.

Special Correspondence of The Freeman.

One of the grandest parades ever known among the colored people of St. Louis, was witnessed on Monday. The streets were thronged with spectators and all the leading men of the city was in line. U. S. Grant's monument was decorated beautifully in honor of the day. The hall was crowded both day and night. Rev. J. C. Temple, pastor of the A. M. E. Zion Church, at 26th and Morgan Sts. read the Emancipation Proclamation many a time the people have heard him speak but never to equal the address of that day. Tears of joy were noticed on the faces of many, and cheers from all over the house were given to this great and eloquent speaker. Among the other speakers were Rev. Geo. W. Bryant, Major Pearce, Prof. P. H. Clark, Governor Fletcher and others. This day will forever hereafter be celebrated by the people of St. Louis.

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MR. AND MRS. BOWSER.

BY MRS. BOWSER.

"I think we'll go up to the park to-morrow," said Mr. Bowser the other Saturday evening as he finished his cigar.

"But won't it be dreadfully crowded?" I queried.

"There you go! You are always ready to oppose anything I suggest."

"I am not opposing you, only you know that the boats are always crowded on Sunday, and that one is apt to meet with lawless characters. I have heard you say that the place was in possession of a mob all day Sunday."

"Never! On the contrary I have always boasted of how orderly it was. I guarantee that you can go up there alone and stay all day and you will be treated like a queen."

"Well, if you think we had best go, why——"

"Of course I do. I think a little trip on the water will do us all good, and at the island we will seek some sylvan retreat and enjoy the beauties of the surroundings."

"And you—you won't get mad?"

"Mrs. Bowser, what do you mean?"

"If things do not go right you won't scold and blame everything to me?"

"Have you gone mad? When did I ever blame you? If you suspect that you are getting softening of the brain let me know and I'll have a medical examination."

After dinner next day we made a start. I think Mr. Bowser started with the firm determination to keep his good nature at every hazard, but something occurred almost immediately to upset him. The street car was jamb-full and running over, but it stopped and we wedged our way in. In the squeeze some one stepped on Mr. Bowser's corn, some one else knocked his plug hat off, and another person was heard to remark that if he weighed a ton he would charter a special car when he wanted to ride. This put Mr. Bowser in trim to say to the conductor:

"Does the manager of this line think we are a lot of hogs that we can be packed in an old car this way?"

"Don't know, sir."

"Then you'd better find out! It's an insult on decent people, and I for one don't propose to submit to it!"

"Thaz rize, ole fel'r!" shouted a half-drunken man from the front of the car.

"Go in, old bay window!" added a second.

"Ten to one on old Bowser," yelled a man from the rear platform.

We finally got down to the boat. It was black with humanity and I didn't want to go, but Mr. Bowser elbowed right and left and I followed. After being crowded, pushed, jamb, squeezed, and knocked about for ten minutes I got a chair which a drunken man had just fallen off, and Mr. Bowser found standing room beside me.

"I told you I thought the boats would be crowded," I remarked as soon as I could get my breath.

"Well, that shows all you know about it. There's no crowd on this boat. She could carry as many again."

"But what a rough set of people!"

"No rougher than we are. You simply want to find fault and make me uncomfortable."

Just at that moment a tough came up, looked Mr. Bowser over from crown to heel, and then said:

"You look like the bloke who threw mud at me little sister last May."

"Sir! You are mistaken!" replied Mr. Bowser.

"What er you doin' wid all that stoile on?" demanded the tough as he brought his arm around and gave Mr. Bowser's hat a "swat" which sent it flying to the deck.

Mr. Bowser grabbed him and there would have been a fight had not a number of men interfered. When the hat was recovered it had a shoulder blade and three ribs broken, and in the brief clinch the tough had torn away Mr. Bowser's necktie.

"I'm so sorry we came," I said as I got a chance to speak to him. "You know I told you I thought it would be very unpleasant."

"Yes, of course you are sorry! You can't bear to see me enjoying myself! I wasn't aware that anything unpleasant had occurred."

In getting off the boat at the island some one stepped on my dress-skirt and nearly tore it off, while Mr. Bowser's hat was crushed down over his eyes and some one picked his cigar-case out of his coat-tail pocket. We finally got out of the crowd and wandered away until we reached a shady spot, and then it did seem as if we might take some comfort. I began to express my sympathy for Mr. Bowser, when he turned on me with:

"When I want to be condoled with, I'll let you know. Thus far we have had a real good time, and I don't want to hear any more kicking about it."

"This is the sylvan retreat you spoke of, I suppose?" I remarked as I looked around and saw cigar stubs, playing cards, pretzels, beer bottle corks and a rusty old cork-screw lying on the grass.

He didn't say. He was going to, when a couple of young men came that way and stopped and asked Mr. Bowser for a match to light their clay-pipes. He didn't have any, and one of them said:

"Well, yer needn't be so crusty about it. We are just as good as you are."

"And a blamed sight better, Jim!" added the other. "I've seen this old bungee up here every Sunday this summer, and he's always had a different woman with him! He's up to snuff and don't you forget it."

Mr. Bowser jumped up, but both of them piled on to him and I screamed and brought assistance. They split his coat up the back, tore his collar off and tore three buttons off his vest, and as they went away they threatened to come and finish him off.

"Mr. Bowser," I said after the crowd had started, "hadn't we better go home?"

"No, ma'am, we hadn't! I came up here to enjoy myself and I'm bound to do so."

I coaxed and argued, but he was obstinate, and pretty soon something else happened. A gang of five or six men came along, ripe for mischief, and one of them halted before Mr. Bowser and inquired:

"Shay, ole fel, I lost a dollar here about an hour ago, and you picked it up."

"You are mistaken, sir."

"Course he did!" put in a second tough, "and he's got to give it up!"

"I haven't seen anything of your dollar!" hotly replied Mr. Bowser, and the gang was making threats when I ran for help.

Before I got back they had rolled Mr. Bowser on the grass, taken all his change away, and cuffed him about until he presented a sad sight. Then the policeman who had come too late advised him:

"Say, old man, you'd better go home. You've had five or six rows within an hour, and I shall have to run you in if you don't leave. You are evidently a desperate character."

Mr. Bowser beconed to me and led the way to the boat. On the way down he was pointed out as Sullivan and Kilrain, and everybody had a gibe at him. At the wharf he hired a hack to take us home, and not a word would he speak to me all the way up. When we finally got into the house he locked the door of the sitting-room and sat down in front of me and said:

"Mrs. Bowser, look at me!"

"Yes, its awful! I was afraid it would turn out this way."

"And yet nothing would do but you must go!"

"Why, I didn't want to go one step!"

"Take care! You are to blame for this whole business! I have borne and borne, but the worm has finally turned at last. Make out a list of what furniture you want to keep and let us settle on the amount of the alimony."

We did'nt settle, however. He felt better next day and I don't think he will refer to the matter again unless I bring it up.—Detroit Free Press.

How a Boston Rat Utilized His Tail.

A waiter at the Metropolitan hotel on Washington street, according to the Boston Globe, says there is a rat of unusual intelligence which haunts the hotel kitchen and when occasion offers steals food from the cook. He says this rat ought to be caught and exhibited as a marvel at the dime museums. Several stories of sagacity are told about this rodent, of which the following is one:

"A few evenings ago," said the waiter, "I had occasion to go down into the kitchen. It was dusk when I arrived, and as soon as my eyes would permit me to get used to the light I saw a large rat walk deliberately up to a dish of doughnuts and begin to take them out one by one and string them on his tail as you would string beads. When he had put on five and loaded his tail up he turned around, took the end of his tail in his teeth, and walked off as if he were going to muster."

Instantaneous Photography.

"Instantaneous photography is a nuisance," said an artist, whose business is to draw cuts for the magazines and news papers. "Before they began to take those blamed photographs all you had to do was to draw a horse so that it looked natural and lifelike and the papers and the public were satisfied. Now, though, since that Philadelphia fellow printed his book, and especially since the Sun reprinted the cuts from it, nothing will do but that we must draw running horses just as they are, and not as they look. Of course the pictures don't look nearly so pretty, and the horses are as awkward and unnatural as donkeys, but they are accurate, and that is the craze just now. We have had to learn our animal drawing all over again and have to puzzle our brains by the hour over cuts of instantaneous photographs, trying to find some position that has at least a bit of grace and life in it. For my part I think it is ridiculous. Compare the magazine pictures of horses of a year or two ago with those Scribner's had last month and tell me if you don't think the old ones gave a better idea of the animals in motion. Imagine Rosa Bonheur's horses with their fore feet stuck out straight like ramrods, or think of Meissonier's troopers charging before Napoleon on horses that had all four legs doubled up under them at the same time!"

Whatever may be the opinion as to the justness of the artist's criticisms and complaints, says the New York Sun, there is no doubt that he is right on his facts. The horse pictures in the magazines nowadays nearly all show at least an effort to make the positions correspond with those shown by instantaneous photographs. The picture horse of the past is relegated to the circus poster and the bills of the racing associations.

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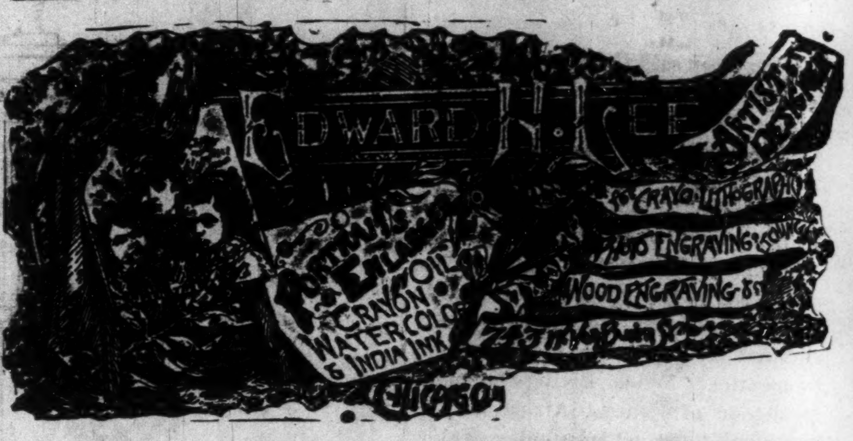

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"THAT BOY."

"There is a certain age of that playful, mischievous animal, the boy, when a home is thought to be made pleasanter for his absence.

"Deacon Ezekiel Croft and his wife, "Aunt Mary," as everybody called her, were about to enjoy the felicity of a house, minus "that boy," for Tom, their noisy nephew, had gone to spend a whole fortnight at Sandwich among the glass blowers and sandpipers.

"What a rest it will be," sighed Aunt Mary, remembering Tom's hob-nailed shoes and dreadful appetite; and the young professor, who boarded with them, "thanked the stars"—by their Latin name—that he at last could "have a little peace."

It was just supper-time, and the three sat down to a bountiful country table. Aunt Mary, by force of habit, had placed four chairs, but one was vacant, and the pause which followed the blessing was somewhat awkward.

As a general thing Aunt Mary looked over at Tom immediately and said, "Tom, take your elbow off the table," or, "Tom where is your napkin? I do wish that I could ever teach you manners at the table!"

"Uncle 'Zekiel!" was apt to ask as soon as there was a pause, "Tom, did you come right home from school and do the chores?" And if—as sometimes happened—Tom could answer in his off-hand way, "Yes, sir, all done," then Uncle 'Zekiel would ponder darkly for a few minutes, finally coming out with:

"Tom, how many boys did you take down to the cider-mill a week ago last Saturday?" or something similar.

Then while Uncle 'Zekiel was summoning up the evil deeds of departed Saturdays, the professor found his opportunity.

"'Hadn't ought,' as I have often told you, Master Tom, is entirely contrary to the genius of the English language. 'Ought not' is the correct expression," he would add, with a schoolmaster's didactic air.

By this time in spite of his various sins, Tom, going on with undiminished appetite, had worked his way to about the sixth biscuit.

"I never!" Aunt Mary would say as he took it. "You'll certainly have the dyspepsia, Tom."

"No, Aunt Mary," Tom would answer, his good humor as irrepressible as his appetite. "I'm safe up to ten—ten's my limit—never go over."

So, at this first supper, it is not strange that there was a sudden silence, since the unfailing subject—and object—of conversation was absent.

Finally Uncle 'Zekiel spoke, looking over at the vacant place again.

"Seems kinder lop-sided an' lonesome without Tom, after all."

"Now, I guess it will be a happy 'lonesome' for the next two weeks," replied Aunt Mary. "I should like to have a chance to 'hear myself think' once in a while."

Aunt Mary had an opportunity "to hear herself think" all that evening. There was no one to upset her nerves by sudden hand-springs, popping corn, cracking nuts or munching apples while he pretended to study. But, somehow, her quiet thinking seemed a fatiguing operation, for, weary and a little dispirited in appearance, at half past eight she rolled up her knitting-work and retired for the night.

Neither thoughts nor dreams disturbed her until in the early twilight of the next morning a voice penetrated the mist of slumber-land, calling, "Tom! T-o-m! Come, Tom!" And looking out she saw her husband standing at the foot of the back stairs, calling with all his might, "Get up, Tom! Time to make the kitchen fire, Tom! Come! T-o-m! Don't be a sluggard!"

"Early to bed and early to rise,
Makes a boy healthy, wealthy and wise."

"Why, 'Zekiel Croft," called out Aunt Mary in astonishment, "be you clean gone off your mind this morning? Don't you remember that that boy's gone to Sandwich?"

"Well, I declare," said Uncle 'Zekiel, sinking down into a splint-bottomed kitchen chair and laughing until his fat sides shook, "I never thought a word about it! I'm so used to getting that boy up in the mornin' that I don't know how to begin the day without it. I'll make the fire right away."

"No, 'Zekiel," said Aunt Mary, "I'll make the fire and you go to the barn and do Tom's chores."

She dressed herself rather hastily and not quite so neatly as was her habit and hurried out into the kitchen. There was no kindling-wood ready as was usual—no one had thought of that—and, taking a basket, she went out to the great wood-pile and gathered a few chips, so damp from the morning dew that it was some time before the feeble fire could be coaxed into a blaze hot enough for cooking the morning meal.

But breakfast had been ready a good half hour, and after blowing the horn vigorously twice she was just on the point of going down to the barn to see what had happened when Deacon Croft appeared in a most woful plight.

Little rivulets of milk were running down his hair, off the end of his nose, and meandering slowly along his sleeves and trousers; he was dripping wet from head to foot, and the pail was empty.

"Zekiel Croft," cried Aunt Mary, with uplifted hands, "what hev you done?"

"Well, Mary," said he, looking at her with a moist and milky smile, "I haint done very much, but the cow she's done consid'able," and he laughed heartily.

"Ye, see, Mary, she aint used to me, and she kinder objected to my milkin' her, an' I hed to smooth her down consid'able before she'd let me begin. An' then I took Tom's milkin' stool, an' I aint quite so slim as I was once.

"I felt it kinder teeterin' under me two or three times, but I thought I'd set ruther light on it an' get through; but jest as I was goin' to move the pail one side, I brought my heff down pretty solid, an' the three legs jest softly spread out, and away went Deacon 'Zekiel Croft flat on his back, with his feet flyin' in the air! The cow was so scairt at my antics that she kicked up her heels too, an' over went the brimmin' pail o' milk, an' here I be perfectly soaked. Well, Mary, they say 't a milk-bath 's good for the complexion, so you're likely to hev a pretty han'some husband after this."

"Han'some or not, 'Zekiel Croft, do you go an' change your wet clothes this minute, or you'll have your death-cold. Seems as if everything goes wrong this morning, somehow."

"So it does," said Uncle 'Zekiel, giving a backward glance as he walked off, and then turning fairly around:

"Mary," said he, "I've made a discovery. Tom's a pretty handy boy to have 'round mornin's."

"I guess you'd thought so if you'd seen me picking up wet chips for kindlin' wood," sighed Aunt Mary.

"There! I did forget it after all," said Uncle 'Zekiel, regretfully. "Tom told me the very last thing to be sure an not forget Aunt Mary's kindlin' wood. That boy must step 'round pretty lively morning's to get through before school, an' I never thought he did anything either! Don't seem so, somehow."

At last they gathered around the breakfast table, an hour late. It was silent, like the supper of the night before, and other silent meals succeeded it.

"I don't know what in the world I'm going to do about the pieces," said Aunt Mary, complainingly. Tom had been gone six days. "There's pieces of pie we've had left, settin' all down one of the pantry shelves, and there's that jar of cookies! It's full yet, and it dont last any time when Tom's home. He's worth a sight to eat up the pieces, anyway. Beats all how that boy enjoys eating!"

"Seems as though we don't eat anything," she said again that evening as she looked around the supper table discontentedly.

The Professor had already folded his napkin, and was looking through his glasses straight before him with a serious air.

"Isn't there anything more that you would like?" she asked turning to him.

"Thank you, no," he replied. "I was just thinking," he added, rather primly, "as I looked at the empty place, that nature abhors a vacuum, and it would be rather pleasant to have Tom's merry face opposite me.

"'Twould be a great thing for the cookies and pies, anyway," remarked Uncle 'Zekiel. "They're just spilin' for him, to say nothin' of the evenin' chores," and he walked out heavily to stable the horse, lock up the barn and split the kindling.

About 8 o'clock that evening they all gathered in the old-fashioned sitting-room, around the cheerful open fire, for the evening was cool. The professor sat at his own little table, writing a very learned article on "The Higher Education;" Aunt Mary was knitting on a warm and cozy-looking red mitten—not a very large one,—and Uncle 'Zekiel was busy trying to find out from the columns of the village paper which party was going to save the country in the coming elections.

It was perfectly "quiet," and they were enjoying "peace." Not a sound broke the silence until a cricket, thinking itself alone, came out on the hearth and chirped a little.

"There," said Aunt Mary, "I'm thankful to hear something. Seems as if we're having a funeral here nowadays."

Uncle 'Zekiel looked over the top of the paper and caught her furtively wiping away a tear.

"Now, now, Mary, that'll never do," said he soothingly. "What's gone wrong to-day?"

"Oh, I don't know what is the matter," she replied. "Perhaps I am nervous. But it's dreadful lonesome."

Uncle 'Zekiel arose, and, laying aside the paper, walked up and down the room with his hands clasped behind him, as he was in the habit of doing when meditating any serious project, such as going into town or running down to the beach for a day or two.

"Mary," said he, after a few turns, "I'm going into Boston to-morrow on some business, an' I guess I'd better run down to Sandwich an' bring that boy home with me next day."

Aunt Mary's face went through a kaliedoscopic change and came out beaming like a full moon.

"That's the very best thing you can do, 'Zekiel," said she, "Bring him right home to-morrow afternoon, and I'll have just the best supper for him. Seems as if I'd been living for the last week in a kind of deaf and dumb asylum.

The professor looked up from his learned theme with a gratified air.

"Yes," said he, with his characteristic primness of expression, "it would indeed be exceedingly agreeable to see Master Tom's beaming countenance once more at our evening repast."

But Tom! What a delightful time he was having at Sandwich! Nobody said "don't" to him from morning until night. He had often thought had he been the author of that famous little volume "Don't," and founded it on his own experience, it would have been as large as the Unabridged Dictionary. He took such deep, full breaths of freedom with no one to criticise every movement.

Mr. Saunders, whose son Tom was visiting, was a glass-blowing philosopher, perfectly devoted to his calling, a department which gave him frequent opportunities for the meditation which all philosophers love. He believed that children had altogether too much pruning and nagging, and used to say to Aleck, his eldest boy, "Look here, Aleck, you do what you think is about right to-day, and if you make any mistakes, come to me and we will see what we can do about it."

The plan seemed to have work well so far, but then Aleck Saunders was a remarkably good boy naturally, and needed little pruning.

On the Friday of Uncle 'Zekiel's unexpected advent, the two boys had been all over the glass works. It was one of Mr. Saunders' leisure days, and instead of "philosophizing," he went over the works with them, explaining every process, and Tom had even been allowed to blow something that came out looking like the "missing link" between a cow and an elephant.

He had just come out, his brown curls all blown about by the salt sea breeze, and was proudly displaying this nondescript animal to Mrs. Saunders and the children, when Uncle 'Zekiel opened the gate.

Down dropped the glass memento, shivering into fragments, while Tom flew down the walk to meet his uncle.

"Oh, Uncle 'Zekiel!" he cried, catching hold of his brown hand, "Is anything the matter with Aunt Mary?"

Tom had no mother, and he loved Aunt Mary dearly, in spite of her fault-finding.

"Yes," replied Uncle 'Zekiel, with a cheerful air, "she's pretty bad."

"What is it?" asked Tom anxiously.

"Well," replied Uncle 'Zekiel, "I don't egzactly know the name o' the disease, but the symptims is that she's 'dreadful lonesome' without the company of a certain boy called Thomas Jefferson Croft."

"You don't mean it, Uncle," cried Tom, with an air of incredulity.

"'Mean it?' She says the house is like a deaf an' dumb asylum, an' she can't stand it nohow, so I hed to come down after you."

Tom's lips quivered, and two great tears gathered in his eyes, and glistened on his cheeks like shining diamonds. He threw his arms around Uncle 'Zekiel's neck and gave him a good hug.

"Uncle," said he, "I never was so happy in my life! I thought I was nothing but a bother to her," and then dashed off behind the house, that no one might see the tears he could not repress. Then he sat down upon a stone, wiped his eyes and gave up his dark schemes of going west just as soon as he was old enough.

They went home the next afternoon, and what a supper Aunt Mary had for them! Fried chickens and hot biscuits,—double the usual quantity,—Tom's favorite strawberry preserves, cookies, jelly-cake, and a crisp apple "turnover" laid right by Tom's plate.

They were all very gay and happy together, as Tom ate with undiminished appetite and related the adventures of the week.

Aunt Mary looked around with a beaming face.

"Well," said she, as they sat back from the table, "this is something like livin' again. I should hev had the dyspepsy myself in another week."

"Yes," said the young professor, "while there is often a serious incompatibility between youth and maturity, yet it must be confessed that the presence of the young at the festal board is extremely exhilarating."

But "that boy" Tom jumped up so hastily that his chair fell back with a loud crash,—nobody said, "Don't Tom,"—and then he went around to Aunt Mary's chair, leaned over, and softly kissed her faded cheek. "I'm so glad to be at home again," he said.—Kate Virginia Darling, in Youth's Companion.

First Love.

The moon rose slow in silver splendor,
One great star glowed alone above,
As, murmuring in accents tender,
I wandered with my little love.

We two alone. The restless ocean
Broke billowy on the glistening shore.
"Tell me," I whispered, with emotion—
"Tell me you never loved before."

Her azure eyes tho' tear drops glisten,
And stifling heart-throbs half o'ercome her,
While wind and wave stand still to listen—
Soft falls her answer, "Not this summer."
—Helen Ten Broeck in Judge.

The act of swimming furnishes an exception to the rule that kicking operates against a man getting along in the world.—Binghamton Republican.

When the schoolmaster whips one of the girls he hits a miss. When the girl dodges she misses a hit.—Philadelphia Press.

THE WONDER OF CAJAH POND.

It is Full of Floating Islands from Which Fishermen Troll for Pickerel.

A dispatch in a New York paper from a place in Minnesota announcing as a remarkable fact the discovery of a floating island in a small lake in that state inclines the residents of this neighborhood, says a Honesdale (Pa.) letter to the New York Sun, to the belief that if one floating island in a state so famous for natural curiosities as Minnesota is considered as a wonder they have been living all their lives with a still greater wonder close by without attaching any great importance to it. They have a lake a mile from Honesdale which is filled with floating islands. This lake is known locally as Cajah pond. It is 200 feet above the village. It is dotted with a dozen or more islands. These are covered with trees, some of them twenty feet high, and a dense growth of thick-foliaged bushes.

The island bottoms are marshy, but the soil is stiff enough to sustain easily the weight of the fishermen who troll for pickerel from the islands in the summer fishing season. In the summer these little islands are pleasing variations in the beauty of the scene the lake presents to the spectator as he gazes upon it from the hills that encircle it. If the wind happens to be strong and variable, as it generally is on the lake, the visitor who looks upon the lake for the first time can hardly help being startled to see these islands moving about from one point of the compass to another as the wind shifts. On one day these islands may be seen huddled together in one spot, and on another day perhaps they will be seen scattered widely apart. An island from which the fisherman casts his line at one end of the lake to-day will in all probability invite him to it from the other extremity to-morrow.

The largest of these islands was some years ago partial to the lower end of the lake, and hugged the shore there with only slight changes in position day in and day out. During a stiff wind one day this island tacked first to one side and then to the other side of the lake, moving slowly the while to the upper end until it was floated against the shore at that end. It remained there for two years through some of the hardest winds that blew off that shore. One day while three pickerel fishermen were fishing from the island's outer edge it suddenly was seized with a whim, induced or prompted only by a gentle wind, and before the fishermen knew it they found themselves fifty feet from shore. The island floated slowly across the lake until it had almost reached the shore, when a counter-breeze struck it and sent it down the lake. It finally landed near the spot where it started from a year ago, and it has remained in that vicinity ever since, simply taking a short trip now and then to and fro across the lake, but always returning to or near its mooring.

Although these fair islands are constantly shifting their places in the lake they annually add perceptibly to their area. There are six or eight of them and the scientific theory is that in time the roots of the trees that cover them will extend down into the water so far that they will anchor the island in the lake, and that by the slow but certain processes of nature they will be increased in size until the surface of the lake will become solid land.

Curious Cause of Death.

A fortnight ago Aaron Smith left this city for Swanton, O., to superintend his father's estate. Shortly after arriving he became ill, and died a few days later. A post mortem examination was held. The result of the investigation was singular. A large artery had grown between the heart and lungs, and the lungs were as hard as stone, caused, it was supposed by the physicians, from inhaling iron dust at the safe works where he was employed. In the heart was an opening of about half an inch, caused by his severe efforts made to breathe.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

He Returned the Compliment.

"One of the funniest incidents that happened under my observation during the late war," said Colonel Mosby, "occurred in a cavalry fight in the Shenandoah Valley along in 1864. In the midst of a sharp cavalry engagement with Sheridan's men, in a charge near Berryville, there came crushing like a whirlwind into our lines a Yankee soldier on a big black horse. A score of men tried to stop horse and rider, but the old black's blood was up and he went on clean through the lines before he was under control. The rider was sent to Libby Prison and we mustered the black charger into the Confederate service. A few days later we charged some of Custer's men, and I'll be — if that old horse didn't return the compliment by carrying a 'reb' into the Federal lines and never came back."—Washington Post.

Cologne Cathedral Struck by Lightning.

The big stone cross on the south tower of the Cologne cathedral was struck and smashed by lightning recently. Great pieces of it fell to the pavement with such velocity that they were crushed to powder. Two men lost their lives in placing the cross originally. The perilous job of repairing the damage just done will be undertaken within a few weeks.

THE

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The Freeman, a paper conducted in this city by Edward E. Cooper, in the interests of the colored race, has grown to be a creditable journal. It is illustrated each week, well printed, and is well conducted editorially.—Indianapolis News.

IT MUST BE SEEN.

The Freeman of this city is the ablest newspaper in the United States published by colored men. The paper itself is proof of this statement.—Sun.

The Washington Bee, one of the ablest colored newspapers published says of us: Editor Cooper, of the Indianapolis "Freeman," is the most enterprising Negro Journalist in the country.

The "Freeman" is a necessity.

The National Leader; The Freeman, of Indianapolis, Ind., E. E. Cooper, manager is the only pictorial publisher in the country. Though in its infancy it has taken front rank in illustrates newspaperdom. We consider it the Harper's Weekly of the colored race.

The illustrated "Freeman" of Indianapolis, Ind., is to the colored people, what Frank Leslie is to the whites.—The Advocate, Leavenworth, Kan.

Brother Optic; The Freeman the only illustrated Negro newspaper published, shoots straight at the mark, and fills a long felt need in Negro Journalism. It speaks its sentiments, regardless of friends, and asks for the recognition of the Negro—not as brutes but as American citizens. How can our leaders do without it?

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Another remarks; "The Freeman adds another brilliant star to Negro Journalism. Unlike the ordinary weekly journal, it is an illustrated paper, with strong editorials and fresh news that gives it a decided advantage over the average weekly newspaper.

The Freeman, the only illustrated journal in America published by colored men, came to our desk this week, and is beyond all apprehension the neatest and best. Success to you Brother Cooper.—Leavenworth Advocate.

The Freeman is the only illustrated paper published by a colored man in the United States It is a credit to Edward E. Cooper, the talented editor and proprietor, and to his race. We commend it to our friends and patrons.—The Crusade.

It is one of the most instructive and interesting papers we have ever read.—Plain Speaker, South Carolina.

It is the best effort yet made in Negro journalism. It deserves a place around the fireside of every lover of the race.—The Vindicator.

The Freeman is a credit to journalism, and shows that we are rising.—The Herald, Va.,

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The Freeman is, without a doubt, the most creditable journalistic effort yet put forth by the Negro. It is striking evidence and unmistakable proof of latent and undeveloped genius and innate ability lying dormant in the Negro race. It is the duty of every reading Negro to encourage and support this most excellent paper.—Pine Bluff Hornet.

"It is a credit too and shows the advance the colored race is making in journalism," says another.

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The Freeman is indeed the best and finest journal published by the Negro race, It contains cuts and biographical sketches of our prominent men and women, and portrays the colored race as it is.—Progress, Ala.

On the last page is always found a comic cut of some of the common discriminations practiced against the race. The paper is well edited, and a credit to the editor and the race.—The Corner stone.

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The Freeman is by far the best and ablest newspaper the colored people have ever had.—Cincinnati Commercial Gazette.

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It gives a complete review of the doings of the colored people everywhere. It gives special attention to the worthy achievements and general progress of the race.

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It is independent in politics and fearless in its advocacy of the rights of the colored people. It will commend the good and condemn the bad in all parties. It believes in free speech, a free ballot and a fair count.

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THE colored papers of Virginia are booming Mahone for Governor. He may be a good man, and they probably know better than we, but we do not think much of him, and would not trust him out of sight.

THE New York Age, after writing a long and able editorial on the Blair bill, does not say whether it favors or opposes that measure. We trust Brother Fortune is not trying to straddle this great and all important question.

HON, JOHN R. LYNCH has been talking again. This time it was politics, at an emancipatian celebration at Springfield, Ill., where he was invited to speak. Mr. Lynch, unlike many of the leaders of the race, has not learned that politics is the bane to the progress of the colored people, and that our emancipation celebrations should not be desecrated in this way. Mr. Lynch is a politician of small caliber and demonstrates it whenever an opportunity presents itself. He is a back number. and when compared with such men as Townsend, Daney, McElwee and men of this school he is a small man.

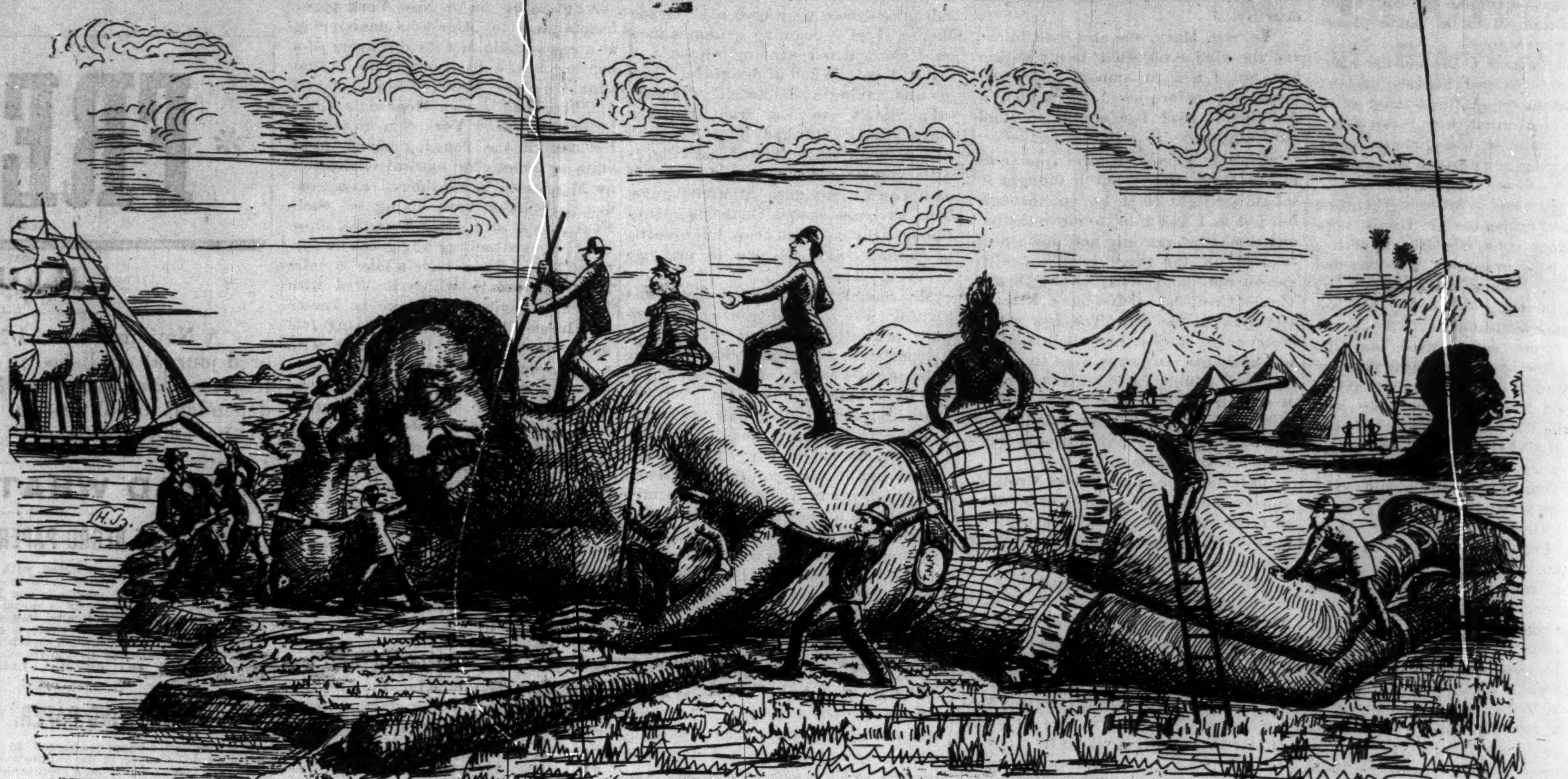
THE colored voters of Kansas, like those of Ohio, Indiana, Pennsylvania, and other States we might name, are not exactly satisfied with the administration as conducted by Mr. Harrison, and are protesting loudly against the paucity of appointments made so far. The Advocate, a staunch Republican paper of Leavenworth, has this to say anent the matter:

"Again we beg leave to inform the National administration that not even a colored mail agent has been appointed in Kansas. We hope Gen. Harrison, for whom we have all voted, will remember that ex-President Cleveland appointed one United States Minister and two mail agents in Kansas, all colored, before he was in the White House a year. The Advocate shall contend to the end for fair treatment on the part of our friends. The time has come when true friendship can be better shown than professed. If Cleveland could appoint a colored United States Minister and two mail agents in Kansas, then there is no reason why President Harrison should not do the same. Let us have fair play,"

A CALL for a convention of independent colored men has been issued, to be held at Alexandria, Va., by one Thos. A. J. Clemmens, editor of the National Times. In order to learn more of the convention and those who called it we gleaned carefully the columns of the Virginia papers, and here is what we find in the Petersburgh Lancet:

"We have before us a call for a 'Colored State Convention of Virginia' to be held in Alexandria on the 1st day of October. It declares, among other things, that the condition of the colored people, politically, is unsatisfactory. It is signed by T. A. J. Clemons, the editor of the National Times, a Negro newspaper published at Alexandria, Va., in the interest of the Democrats and six other Alexandria local colored Democrats. It is evident that these people represent nobody but themselves and Mr. Barbour's Democratic State Committee. They are a gang of disappointed office seekers, sore heads, malcontents who have no following. Some of them held minor positions in Washington under the Democratic party until Mr. Harrison went in office, then they were kicked out. They are dissatis0ed as the consequence and are being used by the Democrats.'

The Lancet evidently does not relish this crowd and has little or no interest in the convention.

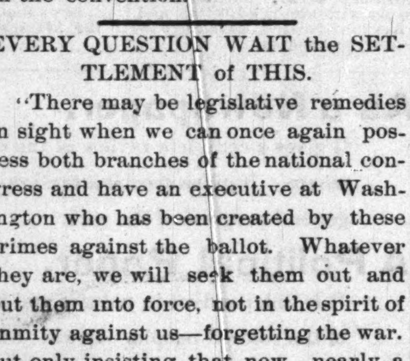


THE BLACK SAMSON ASLEEP.

"There is a poor blind Samson in the land,
Shorn of his strength and bound in bars of steel,
Who may in some grim revel raise his hand
And shake the pillars of the common weal,
Till the great temple of our liberties
A shapeless mass of wreck and ruin lies."

EVERY QUESTION WAIT the SETTLEMENT of THIS.

"There may be legislative remedies in sight when we can once again possess both branches of the national congress and have an executive at Washington who has been created by these crimes against the ballot. Whatever they are, we will seek them out and put them into force, not in the spirit of enmity against us—forgetting the war. but only insisting that now, nearly a quarter of a century after it is over, a free ballot shall not be denied to Republicans in these states where rebels have been rehabiilitated with a full citizenship. Every question waits the settlement of this. Tee tariff question would be settled already if the 1,000,000 black laborers iu the South had their due representation in the House of Representatiaes."—President Harrisson to the Michigan club, Feb. 1886.



A company of Fisk Jubilee Singers are in Richmond, Va.

Don't fail to send to The Freeman office for a copy of "The Hamite," price 25 cents.

Hon. Frederick Douglass, Minister to Hayti. sailed for his post October 1, on the Kearsage.

□The Aurora, a spicy and well conducted adjunct of Knoxville College, Knoxville, Tenn., has just been received.

T. Thomas Fortune, of the New York Age, was orator of the day at an emancipation celebration at Knoxville, Tenn. on the 22d.

Mr. Robert H. Carter, of New Bedford, Mass., was admitted to membership in the Massachusetts Pharmacist Convention at its recent session.

The editor of the Methodist Union, of Augusta, Ga., modestly asks: Won't some good-hearted person work us up a "fifty dollar suit" for the conference?

The Progressive Presbyterian is a new monthly publication started in New York City, and devoted to the interests of Presbyterianism among colored people.

The National Times, published at Washington, D. O., and the Cleveland (Ohio) Globe, are the only two outspoken colored Democratic newspapers in the country.

W. B. Townsend, editor of the Leavenworth Advocate, left Sunday morning for Lawrence, Kansas, to enter upon his studies in the Law Department in the State University.

Hon. E. P. McCabe, the first colored State officer of Kansas, is honored with a life sized crayon portrait of himself, drawn by a colored artist, and placed in the State Capitol by colored men.

Fords, Howard & Hulbert have just published "An Appeal to Pharaoh," a radical solution of the Negro problem. The book as well as the title is strongly suggestive of Tougee's great "Appeal to Cæsar."

Some of our readers object to the Spokesman on the ground that its news is old and stale. All this may be true, kind reader, but its news is not half as old as that subscription you owe.—Afro-American Spokesman

According to the Star of Zion, the venerable Bishop J. J. Moore; D. D., will, in October, commence in that paper, a series of articles on "The Condition of the Negro and the Hinderances to His Progress."

The recent National session of the colored Baptists was splendidly reported with illustrations of prominent delegates in the late issues of The Freeman, of Indianapolis, Ind.—The Gazette, Huntsville, Ala.

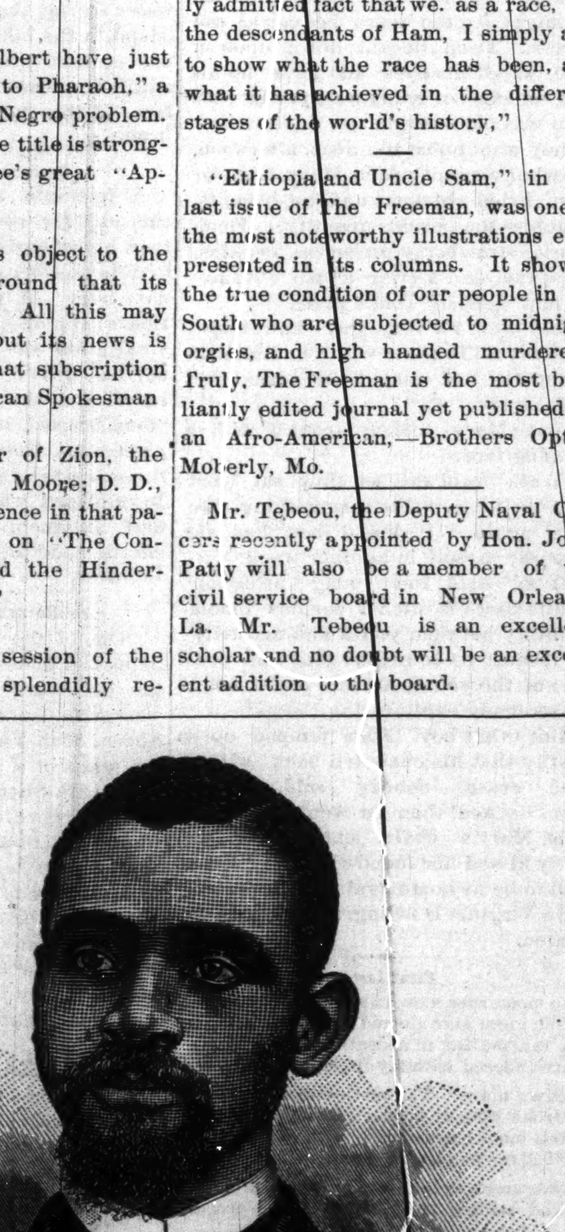
Mr. J. W. Cromwell, late editor of the People's Advocate, has accepted an appointment as teacher in the Washington, D. C., public school. Mr. Cromwell carries to the school the ability and experience that the people may be proud of.

Rev. Mr. Gordon, of Petersburg, editor of the Pilot, accepted the invitation of the editor of the Roanoke Herald to attend the Virginia Press Convention, thinking he was a white man. Result: Mr, Gordon was asked out of the convention because he was a Negro.

Rev. Harvey Johnson, D. D., of Baltimore, is the author of a pamphlet entitled "The Hamite." In his preface he says that he does not "attempt to prove the origin of the color of any race, but taking the almost universally admitted fact that we. as a race, are the descendants of Ham, I simply aim to show what the race has been, and what it has achieved in the different stages of the world's history,"

"Ethiopia and Uncle Sam," in the last issue of The Freeman, was one of the most noteworthy illustrations ever presented in its columns. It showed the true condition of our people in the South who are subjected to midnight orgies, and high handed murderers. Truly, The Freeman is the most brilliantly edited journal yet published by an Afro-American,—Brothers Optic, Moberly, Mo.

Mr. Tebeou, the Deputy Naval Officers recently appointed by Hon. John Patty will also be a member of the civil service board in New Orleans, La. Mr. Tebeou is an excellent scholar and no doubt will be an excellent addition to the board.



PROF. N. A. BANKS,
Editor of the Paul Quinn Monthly, Waco, Texas,

RACE
GLEANINGS
JVG

There are 800,000 colored people in Mississippi.

□Bethel church, of Chicago, has been sold for $41,000.

The A. M. E. congregation, of Norfolk, Va., have built a church costing $46,006.

Rev. Ricketts of Kansas City, is preparing to build a $10,000 hall, at Kansas City, Mo.

The Odd Fellows, of Nashville, occupy a hall owned by Mr. Brown an Afro-American.

There are two colored sheriffs in the South, the Sheriff of Beaufort, S. C., and the Sheriff of York C., Va.

A colored woman, 45 years of age, and the mother of 17 children, eloped with a white man named Evans, from Xenia, O., recently. Evans left a wife behind.

The State Normal School for colored people located at Frankfort, Ky., opened on the 11 inst. with a large increase in attendance. Prof. John Jackson is principal of this school and is doing an excellent work.

Colored Republicans of Illinois will hold a conference at Springfield Oct. 7, to effect a State organization, and deliberate on measures for the general welfare of the race. John G. Jones, Esq., of Chicago, and others are interested in the movement.

This week we publish the address of the Hon. C. H. J. Taylor as it appeared in the Atlanta Constitution. We believe it is worth more to our people in the South than all the fiery speeches and indignation meeting the colored people have had in the North.

We see from an exchange that Clark Henderson (col.) arrested for an assault on a white girl, at Mo., was found guilty and sentenced to the penitentiary for 99 years. Two white men were set scott free in this State for committing the same offenses on colored girls.

The colored people of Texas support fifteen colored papers, pay taxes on twenty million dollars worth of property, and are advancing as rapidly in education as any people in this country.—Ex. This item like a great many others have gone the rounds of the colored press, and yet it is far from the truth. Will the enterprise of Dallas gives the names of the colored newspapers of Texas?

Missouri is full of men of our race who are always "harping" about the love that they have for the Negro enterprises, and the manhood of the race—Optic. So is Indiana and every other State.

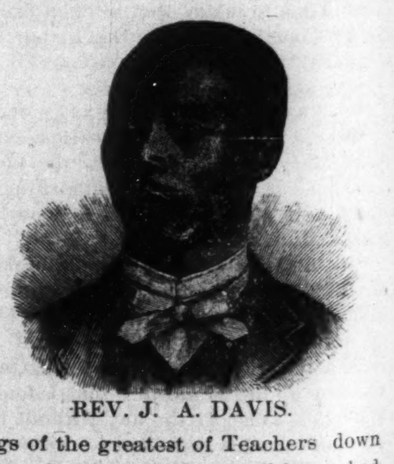
And again we have men in Missouri worth from $500 to $100,000. Where is one that has ever given $1 to encourage a Negro enterprise, of any kind? Where is their race pride? What benefit are they to the race. They are afraid to subscribe for a Negro paper or trade with a Negro, yet they get on the corners surrounded by great crowds of colored men, (provided that there is no white man near) and yell "We don't get our rights. The hand of the white man is against us" etc. To which we add, Amen.

REV. JAMES A. DAVIS,

The New Pastor of Allen Chapel.

Among the various vocations in life there is none so illustrious and worthy as the ministry.

The enterprising young men and women, after receiving sufficient mental training in our various schools and colleges, march forth into the world through the fertile fields of literature, to fill, perhaps, more successfully, the numerous vacancies in the different professions. Likewise the zealous young preachers of this country. having been trained in the word of truth and inspired with the love of righteousness, are but echoing the teachings of the greatest of Teachers down through the present age with marked impression.

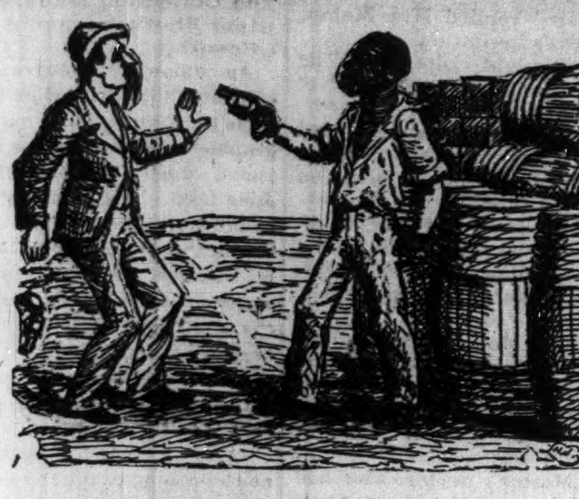


REV. J. A. DAVIS.

In all professions men rise to prominence by the manner in which they fill their positions, and in like manner the subject of this sketch, the Rev. James A. Davis, known as the "Boy Preacher," has won for himself great fame as an eloquent preacher and orator.

He was born in Olden county, Kentucky, in 1862, and is but 27 years of age. In 1877 he became converted, and in 1879 was licensed to preach. At the age of 19 he performed his first duties as pastor in charge of a church in the State in which he now resides. He has also had the pastoral charge of a church in each of the following named cities: Madison, Bloomington, Washington. Portland, and has served his second year as pastor of the A. M. E. Church at Greencastle.

In 1883 he became a member of the Masonic Order, also of the Odd Fellows, at Bloomington, and for the past two years he has delivered the annual oration for the last mentioned order at heir yearly assemblies.



THE RACE WAR· SOUTH.
The ready revolver.

HOW TO ACHIEVE FREEDOM.

THE REMEDY FOR SOUTHERN OUTRAGES.

Lawyer T. McCant's Stewart Says That the Negro Must Organize and Force the Conservative Whites to Stand up for Law and Order.

[Republised by request.]

The outrages which are being perpetrated in the South by the whites upon the blacks are in every respect savage and inhuman and in some respects they are fiendish. They make my blood boil and my heart sick. Is there to be no end? Is there no remedy? Yes, there will be an end and there is a remedy. But it is not by all colored men being partisan Republicans in politics. There have been more cowardly and heinous Southern outrages since the inauguration of Harrison than under the entire four years of Cleveland's administration. Harrison does not denounce them. He does not stop them; but I am not criti. cising him. He, like his predecessors like Cleveland, for example. is powerless to interfere except under a call from a governor of a State. I advanced that view in the heat and fire of the late political battle; and I call attention to it now. The Detroit Plaindealer particularly should note it, because when Cleveland was President it denounced him for not speaking out and moving against the lawless whites.

Well, what is the remedy? It is contained in Byron's familiar line, "Who would be free themselves must strike the blow;" and it is illustrated in this occurrence which I clip from that spicy and newsy paper the Plain Speaker of Orangeburg, S. C.:

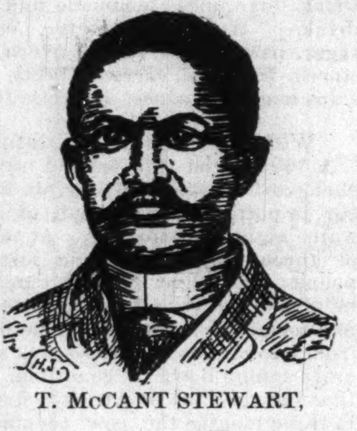
Within a fortnight in our own State, in the neighborhood of Roweville, Orangeburg county, on the Cow Castle road, three intoxicated young white men, representing the respecability of that section, met a young colored lady accompanied by her two brothers and another male friend. They (the white men) began as soon as they reached the colored party, to use toward them the most abusive and abscene language that they could think of, whereupon the elder brother of the lady said: "If you descend from your buggy and repeat such language you shall have to take it back." They drove forward a short distance, descended, took fence rails and with rails and drawn knives advanced on the party, attacking particularly the person that had replied to their vituperation with a challenge. The colored boys had taken rails too and when the assault was made one of the whites was stricken down and his unharmed companions bore him to the buggy and departed. Thus ends the first act.

The second act is played in Roweville. The wounded man's brother who does business there was informed of what the Negro who had inflicted injury had done. This colored man was a porter for one of the merchants of that place. The white brother, "breathing out threatening and slaughter," goes with a drawn revolver to that merchant's lot and raises his weapon to the face of the Negro, and as quickly as thought, the Negro who had been apprised of his coming and the manner of his approach, drew his revolver and snapped it in his assailant's face three times but without effect. The astonished and almost paralyzed assailant said: "That will do for this time," and retired. Thus ends the second act.

The next plan was to go the Negro's house that night and lynch him, but the story leaked out and armed Negroes went to the rescue. Thus was their devilish purpose thwarted.

There's the remedy. Look at it, and behold for yourself. The Negro must organize. He must stand up like a man. He must be peaceable, but if he is forced to fight, he must do so with the same pluck, energy and spirit which he displayed at Fort Fisher and Battery Wagner; and if he must die, as recently in Leflore county, Miss., let him make his death so costly to the whites in blood and fire as to force the conservative and moral white elements of the South to stand up for peace, and to insist upon equal and exact justice to all men alike. When Yeddell was acquitted of murder at Edgefield in South Calolina, friends of the dead man threatened to assassinate him. Even the prosecuting attorney of the county threatened to shoot him on sight. To prevent it, an armed body of whites headed by the son of Senator M. C. Butler, escorted Yeldell to Columbia, S. C. This spirit should possess the entire South. Stop these outrages upon defenceless colored people, and there will be peace. Continue them and there will be war. Gov. Gordon has set a worthy example. Editor Grady of the Atlanta Constitution follows, and there are other white men of influence who know that these lawless occurrences injure the South, outrage mankind, make a mockery of of courage, and even trample upon the religion of Christ. Let them have the courage af their convictions, and join hands with the law-abiding colored men for the protection of the fame and the honor of the Soulh. Until such as the conservative whites shall speak out and act boldly, let the Negro strike back with all his might, when forced to defend himself.

Now, sir. I have only one word more. Time and education—what a friend of mine calls "evolution"—will solve the Southern problem. We need patience as well as courage. We need the Blair Bill. We need a division of the races in politics. There are more than 100,000 colored voters in the North and West. If there were 40,000 in the Democratic party who had the courage of their convictions so that they could be counted in clubs, in public meetings, on street parades etc., and who would be free men acting from conviction and not hirelings at two or three dollars a head, the could force the Southern contingent of the Democratic party to stop their unjust persecution of our brethren in the Southland. As the case stands now the Negro is religiously Republican in politics. The Northern Democrats, are indifferent to him; and the Republicans, being sure of his vote, deny him a fair share of the spoils of victory, treat his claims with contempt, and seat senators and congressmen, when Republican supremacy is assured, while proclaiming at every election that there is not a free ballot and a fair count in the South.



T. McCANT STEWART,

Then there is another remedy. If the Negro knew how to toe the mark like the Irish, how to repel the gold of the whites who do not hesitate to attempt his corruption for political purposes; if a county, a State, a National Negro League were among the things practicable, I would be heartily in such a movement, and we would force political parties to count us; and Southern outrages would cease; but alas! alas!!

T. McCANTS STEWART in the New York Age.

The Freeman at St. Louis.

The Freeman can be found at the following places in St. Louis:

A. J. Victor's Barber Shop, 713 North 11th street.

John W. Page, 705 North 11th st.

C. A. Pitman, 2628 Morgan st.

A. Breedlove, 616 North 11th st.

Mrs. Thomas's Restaurant, 2304 Morgan st.

Glenn B. Melton's Restaurant, 707 North 11th st.

Aaron W. Lloyd, 2213 Morgan st., General Agent.

The Freeman will be issued at the above stated places to sub-agents and newsboys at office prices.

When you visit business houses that have colored clerks call for them to wait on you.

ONE OF THE MANY.

A Coming Young Afro-American Who is Rising to Fame and Fortune—Professor Noah H. Banks, Editor of Paul Quinn Monthly, of Waco, Texas.

Noah Anthony Banks was born near East Liberty, Logan County, Ohio, March 6, 1859. His grandfather Anthony Banks, of old Virginia blood, reared in those days while the voice of liberty echoed along the hills and vales of this "land of the free." took the liberty to immigrate into the State of Ohio. He was a man of prominent features. and was blessed with a hardy constitution, and was one of the early pioneers who leveled the forests and improved the farms of Central Ohio.

He spent his boyhood days on a part of the original farm owned by his grandfather. His father, Washington Banks, came up in those days when there no railroads in Ohio, and when the farmers of his section used to haul wheat, corn, hay. etc., to Cincinnati to market, a distance of one hundred and twenty miles. As the forests were then very dense, and the country thinly populated, the highways were often covered with new-fallen timber and the road-sides infested with wild beasts, which made the ax and gun necessary companions in traveling. His father was for several years a private student of law, but his predilection for farming biased him in that direction, and he subsequently became a farmer and trader, whose produce and stock contributed to the increase in valuation of Ohio farmers and to the establishing of stock markets.

The son, Noah, is the second youngest of six children, three of whom are still living. The mother, a woman of strong inclinations toward a literary life, died while the son was in his fourth year. She had instructed the elder children at home in the common branches, the eldest daughter having become a teacher by the instruction received under the parental roof. Of the four sons, one became a farmer, one a brickmason, and the younger two are teachers. The only living sister, inclined toward house industries settled upon the farm, Being the only colored family in the neighborhood, the younger children were instructed at home by the elder ones; Noah, the youngest, having spent six months in the public schools at home. He was the only colored child in school, but was highly respected by all. Of the three prizes awarded on spelling, writing and good behavior respectively he won the last two.

As he advanced in years he became more inclined to a literary course of life, While quite young and having a natural inclination to use the slate and pencil, he was often depended upon to make computations when his father made trades and sales of stock and produce. He was also strongly inclined toward a musical course, both vocally and instrumentally, and became a violinist and an instructor of violin music. This latter gift he has not exercised in later years, because it is not much approved by his church.

In December 1880. Mr. Banks entered Wilberforce University, two years' preparatory work to be mastered before entering upon his course, making six years work in all to graduate from the department of science. This work he completed in four school years, and though having remained out of school the greater part of one school year, he graduated with high honors in 1885. in a class of seven persons representing seven states.

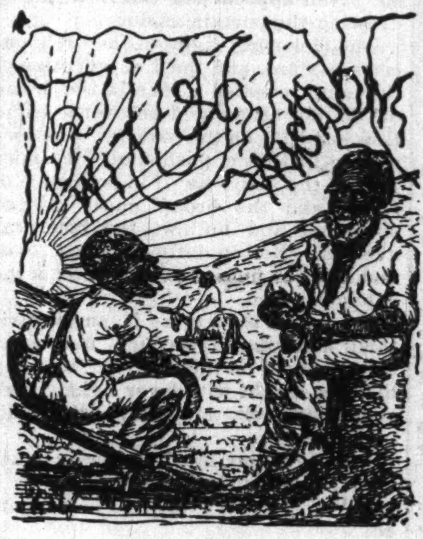
Mr. Banks is a close student of nature, and has given considerable attention to the study of medicine. His success as a student is due to his systematic method of studying. The consideration of no subject takes place out of its allotted time, and his method has always been to finish one subject before taking up another. In mental temperament he is disposod to be patient and calm, though deeply in earnest and occasionally becomes enthusiastic on subjects of great interest. In physical constitution he is of a fibrous structure, six feet high, weighs about one hundred and sixty-five pounds, and has a constitution capable of enduring a greal deal of physical exertion, which he seems to take with a relish.

In 1883, when seeking a school, he received a recommendation from Dr. B. F. Lee. then president of Wilberforce University, saying:

"This is to certify that Mr. N. A. Banks is a student of this university. He has the entire confidence of the faculty; has taught several classes here with satisfaction to all concerned as to ability to teach and to govern. He will fill with credit any position to which he may be appointed.

After graduating in 1865, receiving the degree of B. S., he was appointed Professor of higher mathematics a Paul Quinn College, which position he held two years, resigning in the spring of 1887. In the following fall he was appointed principal of one of the schools at Austin, Texas.

Professor Banks has just published "Selections" from some of his writings and an interesting little volume it is. The Freeman is prepared to furnish them and will fill all orders promptly.



He who would be free must first strike the blow. Vote for Sullivan and Swift.

Vote for Sweetland the colored candidate for Council from the Third Ward.

Dont show your ticket but get your pasters and quietly prepare it and vote your sentiments.

Remember Judge Sullivan the colored man's friend next Tuesday and be sure to vote for him.

What has Coburn ever done for the Negro that he should boast of carrying them in his vest pocket.

A. E. Manning, J. T. V. Hill and L. A. Simpson are on the executive committee in their respective wards.

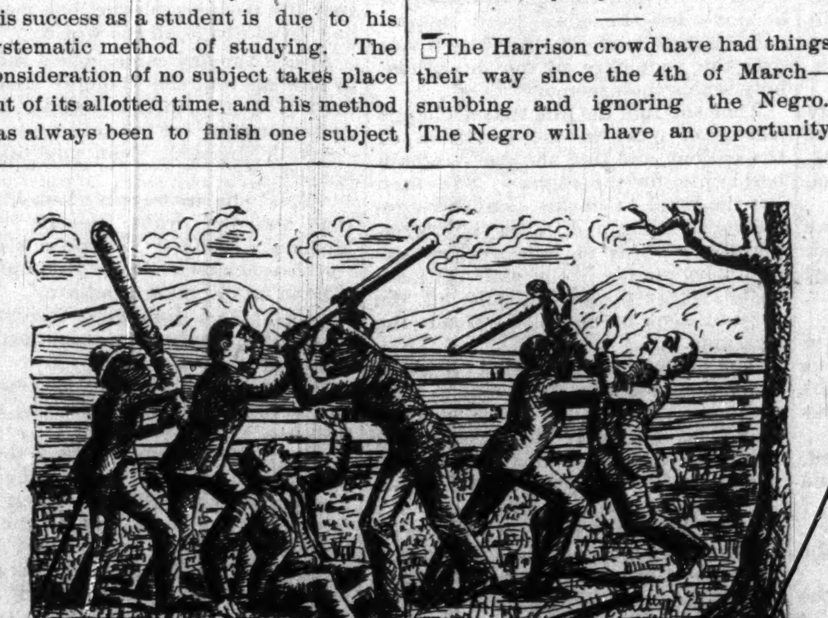
The city election takes place next Tuesday and every Negro is expected to fall in line and vote the ——— ticket.

The city ring must be broken up and colored men given an equal chance with the other men to bid for contracts.

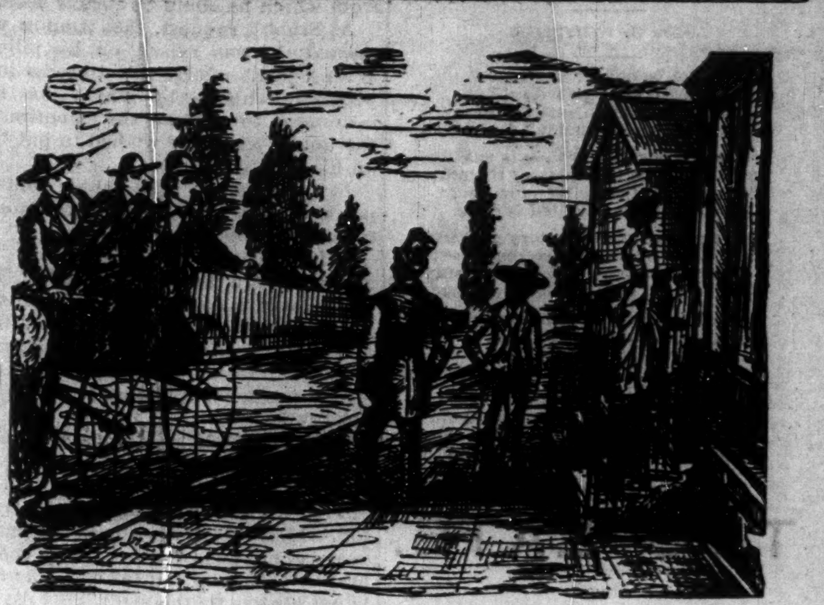
We reproduce a few extracts from the World in this column. They are sound to the core and make interesting reading.

Chairman Bridges has the committee work in good trim and while not boasting proposes to carry the city by a hudred majority.

The Harrison crowd have had things their way since the 4th of March—snubbing and ignoring the Negro. The Negro will have an opportunity to "even up" next Tuesday and many of them will take advantage of it.



TAE RACE WAR SOUTH.
Action.



THE RACE WAR SOUTH.
A beginning.

It is very evident that the colored voters are never again going as solidly for the political party as it has done in the past.—World.

Bud Swift is making friends by the score. No less than two hundred colored men have openly announced themselves for him.

The News knocked the Journals argument into "a cocked hat" in that Bernhamer pardon business. The News is generally loaded.

It is said that the Taffe family has held positions under the city government for the last twenty years. What more right has this family over other people to fill city offices?

A delegation of prominent colored men waited on the State officers last Monday evening to protest against the outrages south and to ascertain why some recognition did not come to the colored voters of this city. The delegation was large, intelligent and representative and——and very modest. Bruce Carr and several of the officers made it convenient to be absent, although apprised of its coming, but Atty. Gen. Mitchner was thore to receive them. When the delegation had stated it grievances, one of the number timidly remarked that the Internal Revenue collector had fifty-two appointments at his disposal and suggested that some of the scrubbing be given the race. This brought his lordship, the Attorney General to his feet, and he was very eppigrammatic in his remarks. He thought the colored people were impatient and unreasonable, in short wanted "the earth." These few remarks brought the meeting to a close and it adjourned

The fact is the colored voters of the entire country are in open revolt against the Harrison administration—and for good cause. In the north the President has made but two or three colored appointments and the south has fared but little better. It has been announced that the administration will appoint but few colored men, and in the light of existing facts the policy seems to have been carried out. There are 128 newspapers printed in the United States by colored men and today 112 of them are opposing the administsrtion. Indianapolis is not the exception but rather the rule. Without the colored vote the Republican party could carry but three states of the Union, yet when it comes to substantial reward they are systematically ignored and treated as political bondsmen. President Cleveland, in four years, appointed more colored men to office than have been appointed by all the Republican Presidents combined, from Grant to Hrrrison.—Indianapolis World.

Summer Quips.

THE LINK.

The dude from being human
But narrowly escapes;
For though he doesn't ape nature
He's one of nature's apes.
—Philadelphia Press.

ESPECIALLY SHEARS.

Most of us kick when times are close
And trade is in a lull,
But the scissors-grinder makes the most
When everything is dull.
—World-Herald.

NO, NEVER!

Shall strangers in the northern land
Defy the sign of star and stripe?
Shall England pluck with ruthless hand
Our sealskin sacques before they're ripe?
—Washington Capital.

CALL UP YOUR FORTITUDE.

We can stand the heat of summer
In the city's crowded streets,
Can endure the bumptious drummer
And the story he repeats.
But one thought our fond hope dishes,
And our peace is gone, alack!
For, with tales of strings of fishes,
Now the liar's coming back.
—Boston Budget.

HAIL TO THE RAIN.

Day after day the rain came down,
The skies were of a leaden hue,
And not a single one in town
Asked, Is this hot enough for you?

The days were wet, but they were cool,
There was no wrangling o'er base-ball,
And people said this life is full
Of compensations, after all.

ADDITIONAL LOCAL NEWS.

The entertainment given at Simpson Chapel was a success.

Open the literaries, Allen Chapel leads off Wednesday eve.

Mr. M. Gardner established a new patriarch in Springfield, Illinois, this week.

Samuel McClure leaves for Washington, D. C., with the K. of P., tomorrow.

It is rumored that Mr. Andy Quinn, will soon change his way of living by getting married.

Mrs, Mary Brown, who has been sick for some time with cancer of the breast, is no better.

There will be a grand rally day at the New Bethel Baptist Church the fourth Sunday of this month.

Mr. William Archer is learning the drug business at A. D. Roaches, at the corner of Ohio and Illinois Sts.

Miss Grace Lucas, one of the leading young ladies of Indianapolis, died last Thursday. She leaves many friends to morn her loss.

Henry Kalton is engaged by the Famous Eagle Clothing Co., as stockkeeper and salesman. The wheel of recognition continues to roll.

R. W. Thompson was promoted from third-class carriership to second with an increase of salary. This is very creditable to Thompson and the race.

Minnie Hawkins, a bright young girl who has been bed fast for several months with hasty consumption. died last Tuesday at the residence of her mother rear of 624 Home Ave.

Mr. J. M. McGuire, the king creamery butter merchant of this city, is securing from and shipping large quantities of butter to nearly all the important towns and cities in the west.

Order of service at the Second Baptist Church on next Sabbath. Special sermon at 11:00 a. m, and at 2:30 p. m., covenant meeting and communion at 7:30 p. m., preaching by the pastor. Subject, "The Only Savior.

Henry Ward Beecher's Successor.

Rev. Dr. Lyman Abbott, the successor of Rev. Henry Ward Beecher, at Plymoth church, Brooklyn, is, with his wife, a guest at the United States Hotel. He is a plain-looking man, and his head seems top-heavy for his slender figure. His forehead is high and dome-like and his nose long and acquiline. He wears his dark hair and beard, now tinged with gray, moderately long, and his keen gray eyes are rather deeply set under heavy eyebrows. He appears to be about fifty-five years old, and was ordained to the ministry in 1860. As editor, lecturer and writer his record is too well known, as is also the history of his close personal connection with Mr. Beecher, to need further mention. A member of his congregation tells me that he preaches without notes and that there is nothing sensational about Dr. Abbott's pulpit delivery, which is devoid of gesture. Under Dr. Abbott's able guidance, Plymouth church is not losing ground. Many new members have been added to the congregation, which now numbers nearly 2,500. Dr. Abbott's salary is understood to be about $10,000, to which must be added —the congregation being so large—many marriage fees. I do not learn that he has done much in the lines of writing or lecturing since assuming charge of the big Plymouth flock.—Troy Times Saratoga Letter.

The colored colony which settled ten years ago in Kansas is a happy success, its members being land owners, sober, industrious, educated and prosperous.

IT MAY NOT BE.

JOHN G. WHITTIER.

It may not be our lot to wield
The sickle in the ripened field;
Nor ours to hear on summer eves
The reaper's song among the sheaves.

Yet when our duty's task is wrought
In unison with God's great thought,
The near and future blend in one,
And whatsoe'er is willed is done.

And ours the grateful story whence
Comes day by day the recompense;
The hope, the trust, the purpose stayed,
The fountain and the noonday shade.

And were this life the utmost span,
The only end and aim of man,
Better the toil of fields like these
Than wakeful dreams and slothful ease.

But life though falling like our grain,
Like that revives and springs again!
And early called how blest are they
Who wait in Heaven their harvest day.

TOO LATE.

A Story of St. Valentine's Day.

CHAPTER VI (CONTINUED).

"I think," his sister continued; "that a man's nature is essentially different from a woman's, grander in some things, infinitely smaller in others. His own love seems to fill his life, satisfying him by the measure it gives more than by that it receives, and so, by a paradox, it is selfish. True love is not entirely in itself, it is dual; a woman's heart would wither if love did not come in as freely as it went out. Andrew, as well marry an abstraction. It seems to me you would cage a wild bird for its plumage, and turn a careless ear to its song. What is it you love in Nell? Is it her beauty, her gracious womanhood, or what?"

"Janet, it is just herself."

"No, Andrew, you have missed that. Nell's 'self' is far beyond your ken."

"Then how could it have stooped to Lyon Leslie? He loved many things far better than Nell Thanet. Then will you tell me why she loved him?"

"Why did she love him?—curious fool, be still;
Is human love the growth of human will?' "

And, feeling that she could not bring her argument to a logical conclusion, and so convince her brother, for logic had no place in the subject, Janet, with that unanswerable quotation, abandoned the topic.

* * * * * * *

A glance assured Nell that her old acquaintance Stubbs was beyond human aid. He did not seem to have many hours to live. With much tenderness, she told him she could do nothing for him—that no one could.

He replied that he had an inner conviction that his case was hopeless; but that he had had an idea a woman doctor, being "out of the common like," might know something out of the common—it was a chance, he said; and then he smiled a wan smile, adding—

"And I'm one of a chancy lot, you know well." After a pause, he added—"But I always minded how you got 'Dick' the Squire's red terrier, through that bad turn he took of a suddint, and which we thought was poison; but as you said as was nothing but a spell of indigestion along of eating the pig's liver he stole. I said at the time to my missus that you'd make a rare vet. An' I was right, only you practices on two-legged animals."

He was silent for a few moments, as if in thought, and his eyes were shut. Nell spoke some earnest words of counsel and hope; but he did not respond. Then she took his hand to bid him farewell.

"Miss," he said, looking up at her with a deprecating look in his dim eyes, "I never laid a hand on Nettle. I was faithful to every hoss as was trusted to me, and, if a man's done his duty to his master here, mayhap his Master up there"—pointing upwards—"won't be so hard on him on account of other little matters."

"Never mind the good you have done, Stubbs," said Nell, gently. "Only be sorry for the ill; that is all that is wanted."

"But I was main true to the Squire, I was," he persisted. "I knowed he hadn't a fardin' on Nettle, that he never laid nothink on races, and that if the hoss didn't win the Derby, he was safe for the rest; and as it was the matter of a couple of thousand, and I was heavy on something myself, I took it. It was all Swelly Jock, it was—'im as called 'isself the Baron—and I put a chunk of summat in the jock's glass afore he started; it was summat that had to do with the eyes, and he didn't ride straight; that was how it was. The jock—it was Tibbles—was queer like for some days after, an' the doctors called it 'cipient hapoplexy—— Ah, miss, you were not practising then, or we'd maybe not got off so free!"—and he chuckled with a lingering spice of the old Adam.

"Oh, Stubbs, how dreadful!" That was all Nell said.

"I sees it now, miss; at least it looks queer loike now; only, you see, I didn't do any hurt to the hoss, and it didn't matter in a money way to master whether he won or not. But I'm real sorry, miss, I am now. Seems to me as right and wrong's got clearer to me since I've been laid by. You'll tell the Squire, won't you, when I'm gone? He's a grand gentleman, an' mayhap he'll look at the bit of sod as'll cover me soon and say—'Stubbs, I forgive you,' "

When she got back to the Hall, Nell told the Squire the groom's story, drawing his penitence with a tender touch; and the same afternoon, the great-hearted gentleman rode Nettle over to the Duke's stables, and took his old servant by the hand.

It was nearly four, and getting dusk; but the groom's cot was drawn to the little lattice-paned window over the stables, and Nettle was led to a point from which he could be clearly seen.

At Stubb's request, the window was opened; he was raised on his pillow. With a great effort, he uttered a long peculiar whistle, by which he had been used to attract the attention of the horse when he wished to put him on his mettle.

In a moment the noble animal pricked up its ears, pawed the ground impatiently and whinnied.

"He's forgiv' me too," said the groom. "He knows I wouldn't 'ave 'armed a hair of his body. Just listen to him!"—as the horse whinnied loud and long. "An' they call 'em dumb animals! Seems to me as they knows 'ow to speak their thoughts better nor most folks."

Then he made another effort, blew another whistle, and fell back exhausted.

That night Stubbs finished the race for which he had entered so many years gone, but whether to be scored first or last, who can tell?—"The race is not always to the swift."

CHAPTER VII.

Nell returned to her duties in London with eager spirits, for she was sure at heart. She had refused her cousin Andrew. His very faithfulness reproached her, and yet seemed to alienate her from him, for she had nothing, not even hope to give in return.

"Nell, I shall never despair until I see you another's," were his parting words.

"And then?" she asked, as if involuntarily, wondering at such steadfastness.

"And then I shall make the best of life, though life will have taken its best from me. I may fill some other woman's needs; but none but you, Nell, could ever fill mine."

The conviction that Randall was not suited to his profession became each day stronger in his sister. She felt that he had undertaken a grave responsibility for which he was constitutionally unfitted. The same conviction had lately forced itself upon Randall, and he chafed at the chains that bound him to his post. Hitherto he had had no very intricate case, none to which his knowledge had not been equal, supplemented by his sister's advice, and actual assistance in some instances.

It was New Year's Eve. The twins had had a busy day, for the snow was deep on the ground, the town was full and there was much sickness abroad. They had dined, and were sitting over a blazing fire comparing notes of their separate day's work.

"Thank goodness," said Randall, "my cases are all plain sailing. Now, if another hitch comes"—meaning a case beyond his skill—"I'll throw up the sponge. I give you my word, Nell, I never take on a new patient but I feel like a murderer; and, I tell you what in all seriousness—if I don't kill my patients, they'll kill me! I'd never get through a consultation, only I do the Burleigh nod, and always side with the biggest fellow. There are very few that like to say 'ba' when Sir Billy Genera, as the wags call him, says 'bo'! Regularly established diseases, common fevers and epidemics, gout and all that sort of thing I'm not afraid of. One can't cure these things—they run themselves out; all you have to do is to help them over the difficult passes. I don't believe in physicking, that has had its day; but its the intricate cases I do fear, and those you seem born for. I often think mother's right when she says you're 'no canny.' "

"It is because they interest me," she said simply, "and because I love my calling first and foremost. If I had any woman's future to hope for, any great object outside my work, I should not be what I am. The enthusiasm of humanity brooks no rival; to that and absolute concentration I owe my power and success."

"I think," said Randall, hesitatingly, "I might do something in literature; but that demands concentration. Nell, I should like to shelve it all. But for the disappointment of my father, I would; he thinks me far cleverer than you."

"Dear father!" returned Nell. "He's not so far wrong; only he's made the mistake of putting a round stick in a square hole. I believe you could make a mark in literature, you have a creative brain; science deals only with facts. Let us see, when our accounts are made up for the year, how we stand; and, if my score is enough, why take your name off the door—a few days' wonder—that is all."

At that moment the door bell rang sharply; it was sudden call for Randall. A Colonel Gordon, who had just arrived from India, had been taken ill at an hotel near at hand, and required immediate aid. With a heavy sigh, Randall obeyed the call.

"Some intricate liver case, you may be sure, or chronic Indian fever, about which I know as much as of dentistry," he said, as Nell helped him on with his comfortable ulster.

It was neither; it was even more serious, because imminent. A wound, caused by a bullet which had defied extraction, had suddenly broken out, and erysipelas threatened.

Nell awaited her brother's return in much anxiety; she always was anxious when a fresh patient came on his books. In an hour he returned, looking jaded and worn.

"What have you done?" she asked, after he had named the symptoms and described the state of the patient.

He told her.

"Have you sent for a nurse?" she asked.

"He said his sister, who is in the country, would be in town in a day or two, and his own servant, a soldier, would be up in the morning with his traps; so I gave him a sedative, and told him I'd look in again before twelve. There's a good deal of fever; so there really was nothing more that could be done. A housemaid is to sit up with him."

"Did Colonel Gordon speak much to you, Randall?"

"No, poor fellow; he scarcely opened his eyes. He only knew I was a doctor, and never asked my name. He is a fine man, but terribly wasted. I dare say his sister will call in her own doctor; if she doesn't, I shall suggest it. It will be a long case, if indeed it doesn't end badly."

"Randall, I will go at twelve o'clock, instead of you. There will be no one up except the porter, and it would take very keen sight to tell us apart in a dim light. I'll put on my ulster and a muffler."

Nell spoke as one who would not be gainsaid; but, if the truth were told, Randall had no will to gainsay her; he was, in fact, relieved of a weight.

When the hour came, the brother and sister set off together. Randall saw his sister safe into the hotel, remaining in the neighborhood on a watch for her re-appearance.

The patient lay on a half-tester bed, in a large comfortable room, where was a cheerful fire, near which, in an arm chair, sat the attendant, half-asleep. A shaded lamp stood on a distant table, on which was arranged various cooling drinks.

Before approaching the bed, Nell questioned the maid, who told her that her charge had slept for two hours, but since then had been restless, and calling for water or lemonade every few minutes.

"I don't think he knows very well where he is," said the girl; "he talks like a man in his sleep, and fancies he's in a ship."

Nell desired the girl to fetch a candle, for which she had to leave the room. As the door closed a little noisily, the sick man moved and moaned. Nell approached the bed, gently drawing the curtain aside.

The flickering light of the fire's uncertain blaze, and the dim reflection of the lamp revealed a man in the prime of life, but attenuated and worn. One thin hand lay on the coverlet—the bedclothes had been pushed off the upper part of the body, as if in petulance of fever, and the broad chest showed shrunken and hollow—the face was averted. Nell quietly stooped over and laid her fingers on the pulse of the extended hand.

He gave a shiver, as if an electric thrill had passed through his body, and turned on his pillow, opening his eyes bright with fever light. Nell staggered back, clutching at a chair for support.

"My love, my love!" she cried to her heart; but her lips were dumb.

"Water, water!" the sick man moaned.

With an almost superhuman effort, she retained her consciousness; the very shock roused her to action and to repression.

She went to the table and mixed a cooling draught. As she did so her eyes fell on an envelope addressed, "Colonel Leslie Gordon, V. C."—a hero's name to the world.

Well Nell Thanet knew it! She had read of its owner's gallant deeds, and her heart had felt pride in her mother's countryman. Little had she guessed that the Lyon Leslie, who had to her played such a craven part, was the brave soldier of the world's and her admiration. Then she remembered that he had spoken to her of a bachelor uncle named Gordon, from whom he had expectations. Everything was plain to her now; and very strange it seemed to her that she had not guessed her lover's identity before.

It was a steady hand that held the frothing draught to the sick man's lips, and a firm strong hand that lifted the hot head; but her eyes felt burning in her head; they looked unnaturally large.

"Oh, so soothing!" he whispered, looking gratefully into her face.

She met his eyes daringly; again he shivered, then, unrecognizing, closed them in fitful slumber.

When the girl returned, Nell examined the wound. It presented an ugly exterior; but she knew that the real mischief lay in the location of the bullet; the exact spot of which had, Randall had said, not been discovered. It would be a case of the utmost difficulty and far beyond her brother's skill; but strange to say she felt no apprehension of her own. Standing over the prostrate form of the man who had so heartlessly blasted her young life, she vowed that to her hand, and hers alone, he should owe his.

No bitterness, no reproach entered her heart, only a great pitifulness, and a sorrow for him apart from herself. She was standing by a grave—though she knew it not, from which their could be no resurrection, the grave of her love: but the ashes were there—and, ah, how tenderly the foot treads over the sepulchre of the dead; how holy seems their memory!

Then she told the girl that a change had taken place in the condition of the patient, and that she must remain beside him for the night. She then left the hotel to make some arrangements, she said, and, after a few explanatory words to her brother—explanatory merely of the patient's state—she returned, and, dismissing the servant, took up her place beside the sick man.

The hours slipped by—she scarcely knew they passed—she took no note of time. The reality of the stricken man, the strangely still room, her presence there, seemed all a dim dream, and what had for these dividing years been but as a dim dream a vivid reality—the little stream, with its fragile freight of the blue forget-me-nots—the quiet lake bearing on its bosom the one brave spray—the rapturous kiss, the spoken words, and the deep passionate gaze of eyes too well remembered. Swiftly, as in a panorama, that summer's day passed before her—it did not pain her now. Somehow her heart was at rest, the dull aching of the deep wound was over.

At every movement she bent over him, now easing his pillow, now laving his brow, then gently touching his lips with moisture, or answering his craving cry of "water" with cooling draughts. Now and again he would open his eyes and look round, as if expecting some known face; but then she would stand in the shadow, or droop her head beside the shrouding curtain, and he would sigh and turn wearily away. And so the night passed. As the faint light of morning appeared, the fever had ceased, and the sick man had sunk into a refreshing slumber. Then Nell laid for one brief moment her lips on his brow; but it was only a kiss of peace—she felt she could pray then. By previous arrangement, Mrs. McIan, the old nurse who had been the twins' constant attendant, and indeed friend, since they had left their home together, took Nell's place in the sick-room, leaving her free to return to her brother.

It was needful for her purpose that she should tell her brother that his new patient was Lyon Leslie, of her girlish love. She did so in as few words as she could command. He said very little, but he threw his arms around her as if he would shield her from a coming sorrow, and held her to his breast in a sympathising silence that tried her fortitude to the utmost.

"Randall," she whispered, "do not fear for me. There are no birds in last year's nest;" but her voice belied her words.

In the course of the day Colonel Gordon's servant arrived from Southampton with his master's luggage, and, under Randall's superintendence, the former was moved into quiet rooms within a few doors of his own house, and Mrs. McIan was installed in chief charge.

A letter was written to the Colonel's sister stating his conditon and the means adopted for his care. The attendance in the day-hours was taken by Randall, in the evening by Nell. In her shrouding ulster and wrapper and low felt hat, she attracted no observation; if she had, there would have been little fear of being discovered, so perfect was the likeness between the pair, a likeness intensified by similarity of dress.

Fortunately for the part Nell was playing, Colonel Gordon's sister was in delicate health, and seldom visited her brother in the evening. A note was sent to her the last thing at night to keep her apprised of his condition. In this way Nell felt pretty secure from detection. Her directions, too, were always given to Mrs. McIan, who generally managed to find something for the soldier-servant to do—a message, or clothes to air—at the hour of Nell's visit.

And the sick man lay unheeding, slowly mending towards a partial recovery. There had been a consultation, at which Randall was present, and it was agreed that, unless the bullet was discovered and extracted, the patient must eventually succumb to the wasting weakness induced by the open wound; and it was settled that, when he had rallied sufficiently, he should be put under an anæsthetic and the probe applied.

During these anxious days Nell sat late into the night, deep in earnest study. Her face grew thinner and her eyes unnaturally bright. Each evening, before her visit to the sick room, she made Randall sit down and go with careful minuteness into every symptom he had noted. These she wrote down.

Scarcely any words were exchanged between her and her old lover. He was generally inclined to sleep if not actually asleep, at the late hour of her visit; but, if awake, he would ask her to arrange his pillows, as, somehow, he found she had a knack "nurse" had not. He liked too the doctor's mixing of the effervescing drink at night, and always insisted on her giving it to him herself.

"You manage me better at night somehow, doctor," he said one day; "you always soothe me, and your voice is softer than in the day. It puts me in mind of someone; but I can't tell who."

Nell was very guarded after that speech, and spoke little; and then in as deep a voice as she could command. And day by day the girl grew more fragile, and her sweet earnest face more spiritual.

In these night visits she was in the habit of wearing a false mustache, closely resembling her brother's, which was long and silky and covered the mouth. This precaution against detection was needful, but none the less distasteful to her feeling: there was at stake her brother's reputation on one hand, and on the other the very life perhaps of the one man she had loved above all the world.

At last the day came when she said to Randall that she thought their patient was sufficiently strong to undergo the probing for the bullet.

"Nell," he said, "can you take my place?"

"Yes," she answered; "I wish it. I shall use the probe myself. Lady Masters"—Colonel Gordon's sister—"wishes her own doctor to be present—he is an old man, I believe."

"Yes," said Randall, "seventy at least; I have only seen him once, and then in the dusk.

"Then it will only be necessary to call in Sir William Cheque; he knows the case."

"Perfectly. Lady Masters told me he spoke to her about her brother, and mentioned how skillful he thought my treatment had been; but all the same he didn't know me when I met him at his own door yesterday. I took off my hat to him, and he stared as if I had taken a liberty. You'll be quite safe, I'm sure. He's a great big man, and men of less stature always look smaller than they really are to tall men."

"Nurse," said Colonel Gordon, on the morning arranged for the consultation, "what is the doctor's name? I never heard it. He has only been 'the doctor,' to me."

"Randall, sir," replied Mrs. McIan, after a moment's hesitation.

"I like his night-visits best," he said. "Somehow the very sound of his foot soothes me."

Colonel Gordon was stronger and altogether in a more favorable state—so said Sir William Cheque, than on the occasion of his—Sir William's—previous visit. The fever had disappeared, and he was able to take a considerable quantity of nourishment; there were points in his favor he had hardly expected; but he expressed his decided opinion that the amendment would be only temporary, unless the bullet was traced and extracted, and of that he supposed there was little hope.

"None that I can see," said Doctor Parr, Lady Master's doctor, who had seen the patient more than once; "and I doubt, if it were found, if he would stand the necessary operation."

These words had passed out of range of their subject's hearing.

Then Nell, standing well in the shade, made a short concise statement, which riveted Sir William's attention. He was a liberal-minded man, and free from all professional jealousy. He saw the young man before him had thoroughly mastered the case, and his interest was roused to see how he would follow it out to the end he indicated. He was a man, though, of few words; so he contented himself with an approving nod, and then approached the bed.

"You have been in very skillful hands, Colonel Gordon," he said. "You may owe your life to my young friend here. I am happy to tell you he has every reason to suppose that he has traced the enemy. A little courage and we'll get him out. We will give you an anæsthetic and you'll know nothing about it."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

For the Fat and the Lean.

To increase in weight: Eat, to the extent of satisfying a natural appetite, of fat meats, butter, cream, milk, cocoa, chocolate, bread, potatoes, peas, parsnips, carrots, beet, farinaceous foods, as Indian corn, rice, tapioca, sago, corn starch, pastry, custards, oatmeal, sugar. Avoid acids. Exercise as little as possible, sleep all you can and don't worry or fret.

To reduce the weight: Eat, to the extext of satisfying a natural appetite, of lean meat, poultry, game, eggs, milk, moderately, green vegetables, turnips, succulent fruits, tea or coffee. Drink lime-juice, lemonade and acid drinks. Avoid fat, butter, cream, sugar, pastry, rice, sago, tapioca, corn starch, potatoes, carrots, beets, parsnips and sweet wines. Exercise freely.

Wetting Feed is Wasteful.

A writer on this subject says he changed from dry feed of grain for his cow to putting it into a pail of warm water night and morning. At the end of three months she had lost fifty pounds in weight of flesh, and her milk had fallen off nearly one-half. She seemed to be getting little benefit from her rations and there was a general running down in condition. He then changed the food back to dry, and in three months the cow regained all she had lost in flesh and milk during the preceding three months. While feeding this he could never detect any waste of food in the fæces, but in the wetted food he could. Feeding horses wet food sometimes produces dangerous attacks of colic, but in cows there is no danger of it.

Knapsacks for Books.

The German doctors are exhorting parents to provide young girls between the ages of eleven and fourteen with knapsacks for carrying their schoolbooks, as the tendency of carrying them under the arm or in portfolios or bags hung from the arm is to distort their figures. In many parts of Germany this equipment is already in use, and to the unaccustomed eye of the stranger nothing is more comical than suddenly to come upon a crowd of little girls trooping out of school, each provided with a knapsack for the march. The next funniest thing to be seen among school children on the continent is the long pipe or the bilious cigarette of the diminutive Dutch boy.

An Ostrich Mother.

At Dr. Skitchley's ostrich ranch, near Red Bluff, Cal., is a pen in which a hen ostrich is sitting on 13 eggs. She covers the eggs nicely, and as she sits there with her long neck and head laid at full length on the ground, looks like a moss-covered rock. Her husband keeps guard over her in very picturesque fashion, walking up and down the fence with stately tread, his rich, glossy plumage glistening in the sunlight, and his eyes flashing defiance. He looks ready to tackle any thing, man or beast, that should disturb the privacy of his home.

Looking for Greater Miracles.

"Well, this do beat all!" exclaimed Aunt Harriet, as they took their first ride on the elevated; "who'd 'a' thought o' railroadin' in the air?"

"Sho!" replied Uncle Abner; "my newspaper says that a big part o' the railroad companies of New York are run largely on water, and that's the kind o' road I want to see afore we go home."

High-Priced Property.

Citizen (to darkey): "Do you know the agent who has control of this corner lot, Sam?"

Sam: "Yes, sah, the agent will be heah d'rectly. I has cha'ge of the property." (To small boy): "Hi there, yo' young white trash, stop frowin' mud balls off'n dat corner lot. Dat real estate is sold by the inch."

The largest farm in America is the Grandin wheat field in Dakota. It contains 40,000 acres.

A STUDY OF WOMEN'S FEET.

The Collection Made by an Amateur Photographer at a Southern Resort.

An amateur photographer recently exhibited to a Brunswick (Ga.,) Times reporter a series of twenty-six photographs taken by him on St. Simon's island during encampment week in June last. Most of them showed the counterfeit presentments of surf bathers on the beach in front of the Hotel St. Simon's. A peculiarity about them was that in every case except one the the upper part of the figure was blured beyond recognition, while the feet stood out in startling proportions. By way of explanation the photographer said:

"I was a green hand with the camera, and somehow or other I couldn't make the thing work so as to take a perfect picture. But just look at these feet! They are large, but their outlines are perfect. Since the photographs have been in my possession I have been making a study of feet. For instance, look here. You see this is a naked foot. It belongs to a young lady whose home is in Atlanta. These little bumps on the toes are corns. If you'll examine closely you'll observe that there are seventeen of them. Don't you know the young lady preferred sitting down to standing up? These corns were made by tight shoes. The unfortunate owner of the feet belongs to that very large class of women who when they buy shoes fit their heads instead of their feet."

The reporter picked up a photograph which showed a pair of feet clad in slippers. "Whose are these?" he asked.

"They belong to a Madison girl," was the reply. "You never saw feet more perfect. By the way, I want to call your attention to a discovery I've made. These are the feet of a blonde. They may be large, but they will be shapely. There's one small corn down there on that little toe, but it serves the same purpose a piece of black sticking-plaster serves on a white face—it brings out all latent beauties. The owner of these feet was one of the most popular belles at the Hotel St. Simon's. She completely captured the hearts of the Columbus guards, and, I am told, will become the wife of a member of that company in the fall."

Among the photographs was one which displayed an extremely handsome figure and feet just as perfect as Juno's. The reporter was sure that he had in his hand the picture of a charming Atlanta belle, or one of Macon, or one of Brunswick.

"Who is this?" he inquired.

"Well, that, might be Queen Victoria's youngest and handsomest granddaughter," was the reply, "but it isn't. That's a nurse who was at the Hotel St. Simon's with a prominent Atlanta family.

A Wonderful Escape.

"When I first went on the police force," said the fat policeman to a Philadelphia North American man. "I was lucky. One of my assignments was a queer one, and I'm not likely to forget it. I was sent to the house of a man who had just died. He was well known, and belonged to a good many lodges. It was a big crowd at the funeral. I was stationed at the foot of the coffin to preserve order. The shutters were closed and the gas burned dimly. The coffin lid was off and the body exposed. No one besides myself and the 'stiff' was in the room. After I'd been there awhile I began to grow uneasy. I kept looking at the dead face. I'd take my eyes off, and the first thing I'd be gazing at the body again. Suddenly the eyes opened. I thought I was dreaming. Then the left eye winked. Holy smoke!"

" 'Hist went the corpse'.

"My teeth chattered.

" 'Say, officer.'

"Goodness! the corpse sat up. Ain't you dead?' I gasped.

" 'Me, me dead?'

" 'Yes.'

" 'Oh, no.'

" 'What are you doing there?'

"That's only a dodge.'

" 'Dodge?'

" 'Yes. I'm just now a dodger. A kind of an Artful Dodger. See?'

" 'I'll call the folks.'

" 'Heavens, no. I'll tell you. You see I wasn't feeling well. I've got a mother-in-law who is a holly terror. Worse that ten parots and the hydrophobia. Well, I've been trying for ten years to get rid of her. Now, I told my wife that I would simulate death, get put in a vault, be taken out again right away and sneak west. She liked the idea. I'll be taken out to-night, go to a hotel, and I'll meet my wife in St. Louis. In that way we'll shake the old girl. Well, here's a dollar. I wish you could send out and get me a little spirits' reviver.'

"Pretty soon the folks began to come in. The supposed corpse looked as natural as life everybody said. People always say this at funerals. There is no use saying it at weddings or balls. The mother-in-law sobbed. Then she leaned over and kissed the corpse.

" 'Why, John smells of whisky,' she said. 'John was a beautiful drinker,' explained the wife."

The note of the prima donna is negotiable only when indorsed by the public.—Life.

The shoe dealer will do work which is beneath other people.—Yonkers Statesman.

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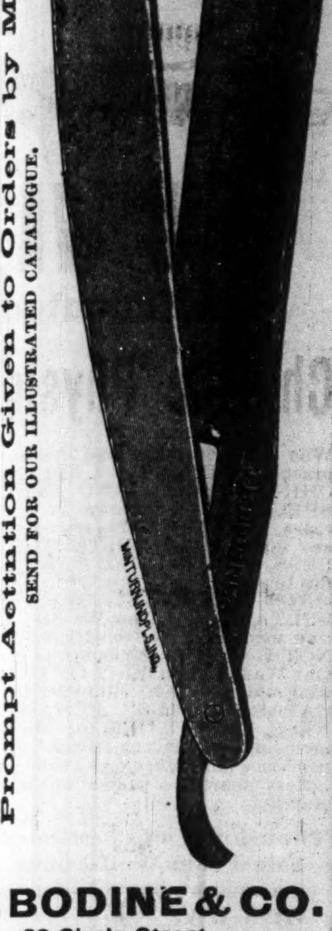

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W. H. WHITTLESEY, Cent. Pass'r Agt., Dayton, O.
H. J. RHEIN, Nor. Pass'r Agent, Detroit, Mich
WM. A. WIGGINS, So. Pass'r Agt. Chat'ga, Tenn
J. G. MASON, City Pass'r Agent, Cincinnati, O
Or, General Passenger Agent's Office, No. 200 W 4th St., Cincinnati, O.
C. C. WAITE, V. P. & Gen'l Manager. CHAS. H. ROCKWELL, Gen'l Pass. & Tkt Agt.

LABOR NOTES.

Steel pavements are in use.

English railways pay $2 a ton for coal.

Pittsburg reports a scarcity of laborers.

American building trades employ 2,000,000 hands.

A Colorado wheat-field employs 300 hands.

At Newport $521,000 was offered for a cottage,

The vessels that cross the ocean in six days burn 400 tons of coal daily.

About 400 Belgian and English glassblowers in America go home each summer.

Boston has 7,000 organized tailors. They want New York tenement-house work boycotted.

At Jacksonville, Fla., 400 cigarmakers struct to have their pay brought to their benches.

Two Holyoke (Mass.) mills that were to shut down if Cleavland should be elected are closed.

Boston has a Merchants' week. Storekeepers from the towns around have their fares paid to the city.

In the manufacture of boots and shoes the work of 500 operatives is now done by 100 with the use of machinery.

In the manufacture of flour modern improvements save 75 per cent, of the manual labor that once was neccessary.

New Hampshire compels working children of from fourteen to sixteen to go to school three months of the year.

By the use of coal-mining machines 169 miners in a month can mine as much coal in the same time as 500 miners by the old methods.

In the manufacture of brick improvdevices save one-tenth of the labor, and in the manufacture of fire brick 40 per cent, of the manual labor is displaced.

In stave-dressing twelve co-laborers with a machine can dress 12,000 staves in the same time that the same number of workers by hand could dress 2,500 staves.

England allows children of thirteen to work if they attend school half the day. No one under eighteen and no woman can work over sixty hours week.

The Lynn Lasters' Protective Union paid $12,000 for ground for a hall to contain a lecture-room, library, billiard-hall, etc. The protective union has 10,000 members.

A railroad in the Northwest built 1,000 miles of line in half as many days, and had at one time 20,000 men at work, nearly as many as Napolean had in battle at Marengo.

London boss bakers make from $5 to $15 per week, workman from $3 50 to $6, cleaning up boys $2. Each is allowed a loaf to take home. Most of the bakers sleep in the shops.

The number of immigrants who have passed through Castle Garden so far this month is 11,919, a falling off from last year of 2,405. Since January 210,313 immigrants have arrived. Last year during the same period, the number was 228,839.

Many Brooklyn grocers will not sell non-union bread, since the bakers struck rather than leave the union. Co-operative bakeries are talked of. The organization has reduced a day's work from seventeen hours per day to eleven, and to thirteen on Saturday.

The trade organizations of the Hebrews of New York are steadily growing in strength under the sillful management of the organization known as the United Hebrew Trades. The Hebrew Purse-makers' Union has just been organized, and the membership of the Hebrew Jewelers' Union has been considerably enlarged. The Hebrew Musical Union has been reorganized on a co-operative basis.

The steel pen trade at Birmingham is reported as buoyant, the average weekly production exceeding 160,000 gross, something that would give an aggregate annual product of 1,198,080,000 steel pens. In her Majesty's stationary office one year the consumption of steel pens was about two millions against half a million of quill ones. In the clubs the proportion of quill pens used is larger than that in the government offices.

Waiting for the Syndicate.

Texas Siftings.

Charitable Lady—It must be very tiresome to sit here day after day, playing the same tunes over and over?

Organ-grinder—That it is, mum! Oi was afther givin' it up a phwile ago, but Oi t'ink now Oi'll shtay till Oi'm bought out be wan o' thim English syndicuts.

As a proper precaution against the use of deleterious substances upon the family table, purchase articles that are known to be like Dr. Price's Cream Baking Powder and Delicious Flavoring Extracts, the most perfect made.

Starvation enables men to make fast me to the grave.

To Detect Impure Water.

Orange Judd Farmer.

Fill a perfectly clean quart bottle half full of water, cork and shake it; remove the cork and see if any odor can be detected at the mouth of the bottle. Cork the bottle again, and put it in a warm place for a few hours, or set in a pan of hot water for an hour. Shake, uncork, and test again by smell. If an unpleasant or faint, musty odor is perceptible, the water requires more minute investigation. The school test is to evaporate a quart of water to dryness in a new tin pan or cup, and note the character of the residue, and what happens when it is strongly heated in a metal spoon. If the sediment left after evaporation is small, and on being burnt on a metal spoon give rise only to such an odor as comes from burning vegetable matter, the water is not greatly contaminated with sewage. But if the sediment is in considerable quantity dark in color, and burns, giving off the peculiar odor of burning hair or other animal matter, then the water is foul.

Breathing the Germs of Disease.

To inhale the germs of disease with their daily breath is the fate of denizens of malaria-scourged localities everywhere. The endemic atmospheric poison may, however, be reft of it venom and rendered innoxious by a defensive use of Hostetter's Stomach Bitters. This pre-eminently sage and effective remedy and safeguard not only eradicates the disease when developed, but enables the system to safely brave its assaults. Every physical function is confirmed in or restored to regularity, the circulation quickened if sluggish, and a bilious habit, which of itself begets a proneness to both intermittent and remittent types of malarial disease, where extrinsic atmospheric causes exist, powerfully counteracted by this inimitable fortifying and defensive agent, which has, moreover, none of the disagreeable characteristics of a drastic cathartic or an alkaloid. Fever and ague, dumb ague and ague cake, and the calentura of the Isthmus, are conquered by it surely, pleasantly. Rheumatism, neuralgia, gout, kidney and bladder troubles, constipation and, indigestion yield to it.

A Rochester man makes 150 words per minute on the type-writer.

No Cure No Pay.

It is a pretty severe test of any doctor's skill when the payment of his fee is made conditional upon his curing his patient. Yet after having for many years, observed the thousands of marvelous cures effected in liver, blood and lung diseases, by Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, its manufacturers feel warranted in selling it, as they are now doing, through all druggists, the world over, under a certificate of positive guarantee that it will either benefit or cure in every case of disease for which they recommend it, if taken in time and given a fair trial, or money paid for it will be promptly refunded. Torpid liver, or "biliousness," impure blood, skin eruptions, scrofulous sores and swellings, consumption (which is scrofula of the lungs), all yield to this wonderful medicine. It is both tonic or strenth restoring, and alterative or blood cleansing.

Chronic Nasal Catarrh positively cured by Dr. Sage's remedy. 50 cents, by druggists.

Cigarette girls get $1 per 1,000; some make 1,100 cigarettes in a day.

REV. H. P. CARSON, Scotland, Dak., says: "Two bottles of Hall's Catarrh Cure completely cured my little girl." Sold by Druggists. 75c.

The Texas Federation of Labor has indorsed Henry George.

Those who use Dobbins' Electric Soap each week, (and their name is legion) save their clothes and strength, and let the soap do the work. Did you ever try it! If not, do so next Monday sure. Ask your grocer for it.

The stationary engineers have 10,000 members.

The Homeliest Man in This Town,

As well as the handsomest, and others, are invited to call on any druggist and get free a trial bottle of Kemp's Balsam for the Throat and Lungs, a remedy that is selling entirely upon its merits, and is guaranteed to relieve and cure all chronic and acute Coughs, Asthma, Bronchitis and Consumption. Large Bottles, 50 cents and $1.

Texas negroes own 1,000,000 acres and $20,000,000.

Notice—Dropsy Treated Free.

Please read the ad. of Dr. H. H. Green & Sons elsewhere in this paper. His proposition of furnishing a free trial of his treatment it seems to us would at least induce patients to try their treatment.

The New York Central Labor Union will put up legislative candidates.

A Wonderful Flesh Produce.

This is the title given to Scott's Emulsion of Cod Liver Oil by many thousands who have taken it. It not only gives flesh and strength by virtue of its own nutritious properties, but creates an appetite for food. Use it, and try your weight. Scott's Emulsion is perfectly palatable. Sold by all Druggists.

Derby, Conn., will make the new postal card,

Copy of Original.

VAN WERT, Ohio, July 11, 1889.
Rheumatic Syrup Co., Jackson, Mich:

GENTS—This is to certify that I had what is called sciatic rheumatism so badly that I was all drawn over to one side. My hip sank in so that you could lay your hand in the cavity, and I could do no work for over one year. I tried some of the best physicians and did almost everything I could hear or think of, and nothing did me any good until I purchased a bottle of Hibbard's Rheumatic Syrup of Hines & Son druggists. Van Wert, O. Four bottles cured me and have never had it since.

ALBERT KING.

We certify to the above testimonial.
HINES & SON, Druggists.

Hibbard's Rheumatic and Liver Pills.

These Pills are scientifically compounded, uniform in action. No griping pain so commonly following the use of pills. They are adapted to both adults and children with perfect safety. We guarantee they have no equal in the cure of Sick Headache, Constipation, Dyspepsia, Biliousness; and, as an appetizer, they excel any other preparation.

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria.
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria.
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria.
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

A GRAND OLD SUNSET.

A Sketch that Gave S. S. Cox the Soubriquet of "Sunset."

S. S Cox in Ohio Statesman, 1853.

What a peculiar sunset was that of last night! How glorious the storm and how splendid the setting of the sun! We do not remember ever to have seen the like on our round globe. The scene opened in the west, with a whole horizon full of golden interpenetrating luster, which colored the foliage and brightened every object into its own rich dyes. The color grew deeper and richer, until the golden luster was transfused into a storm-cloud, full of finest lightning, which leaped in dazzling zigzags all around and over the city. The wind arose with fury, the slender shrubs and giant trees made obeisance to its majesty. Some even snapped before its force. The strawberry beds and grass plats "turned up their whites to see Zephyrus pass by." As the rain came and the pools and the gutters hurried away thunder roared grandly, and the fire bells caught the excitement and rang with hearty chorus. The south and the east received the copious showers, and the west all at once brightened up in a long, polished belt of azure, worthy of a Sicilian sky.

Presently a cloud appeared in the azure belt in the form of a castellated city. It became more vivid, revealing strange forms of peerless fanes and alabaster temples, and glories rare and grand in this mundane sphere. It reminds us of Wordsworth's splendid verse in his "Excursion:"

> "The appearance instantaneously disclosed
> Was of a mighty city, boldly say
> A wilderness of buildings, sinking far
> And self withdrawn into a wondrous depth,
> Far sinking into splendor without end."

But the city vanished, only to give place to another isle, where the most beautiful forms of foliage appeared, imaging a paradise in the distant and purified air.

The sun, wearied of the elemental commotion, sank behind the green plains of the west. The "great eye in heaven," however, went not down without a dark brow hanging over its departing light. The rich flush of the unearthly light had passed and the rain had ceased; when the solemn church bells pealed, the laughter of children rang out, and joyous after the storm is heard the carol of birds, while the forked and purple weapon of the skies still darted illumination around the Starling College, trying to rival its angles and leap into its dark windows.

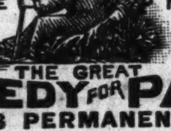
A pocket mirror free to Smoker's of "Tansill's Punch" 5c. Cigar.

Read Dr. Sarber's card in another column.

A Beautiful Picture Free.

For a 2-cent stamp (to pay postage and wrapping) we will mail a panel photogravure of our popular picture, "Kissing at Seven, Seventeen, and Seventy." Address the makers of the great anti-bile remedy. "Bile Bean," J. F. Smith & Co., St. Louis, Missouri.

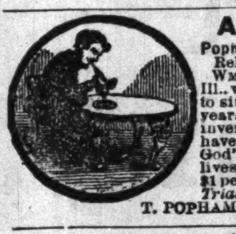
ST. JACOBS OIL
TRADE MARK



THE GREAT REMEDY FOR PAIN
CURES PERMANENTLY
Lumbago
SOLD BY
Druggist and Dealers.
THE CHARLES A. VOGELER CO., Baltimore, Md.

(Established 1850.) INDIANAPOLIS (Reorganized 1885.)
BUSINESS UNIVERSITY
WHEN BLOCK, OPPOSITE POST OFFICE.
REDMAN, HEEB & OSBORN, Principals and Proprietors.

Ladies and gentlemen educated for profitable employment, by a course of training at this institution. Book-keeping, Business practice, Shorthand, Typewriting, Penmanship and English. Large faculty. Individual instruction. Class drills. Lectures. Eminent indorsement. Open all year Enter now. Attractive city. Expenses moderate Write to us. Illustrated Catalogue, Free.



ASTHMA.
Popham's Asthma Specific.
Relief in TEN MINUTES.
WM. GLEGHORN, Gardner, Ill., writes: "I have not had to sit up an hour for three years. I hope the man that invented the SPECIFIC may have everlasting life and God's blessing while he lives." Sold by all druggists. $1 per box by mail, postpaid. Trial package free. Address
T. POPHAM, PHILADELPHIA, PA.

The Oldest Medicine in the World is probably
DR. ISAAC THOMPSON'S
CELEBRATED EYE-WATER.

This article is a carefully prepared physician's prescription, and has been in constant use for nearly a century. There are few diseases to which mankind are subject more distressing than sore eyes, and none, perhaps for which more remedies have been tried without success. For all external inflammation of the eyes it is an infallible remedy. If the directions are followed it will never fail. We particularly invite the attention of physicians to its merits. For sale by all druggists. JOHN L. THOMPSON, SONS & CO., TROY, N. Y. Established 1797.

JONES, HE PAYS THE FREIGHT.
5-TON WAGON SCALES, $60.

BEAM BOX
BRASS TARE BEAM.
Freight Paid.
Warranted for 5 Years
Agents Wanted. Send for Terms.
FARMERS'
Barn and Warehouse Scales.
JONES OF BINGHAMTON, Binghamton, N. Y.

WANTED—Traveling salesmen; send your address and reference to Keystone M'f'g. Co. (In.) Girard, Erie county, Pa., and they will mail you, free, a full outfit, including model of an article that sells rapidly to the trade in every town and city and upon which they will pay you a liberal commission; whole outfit weighs ounces.

AGENTS WANTED ON SALARY. $75 per month and expenses paid any active man or woman to sell our goods by sample and live at home. Salary paid promptly and expenses in advance. Full particulars and sample case FREE. We mean just what we say. Standard Silverware Co., Lock Box 5308, Boston, Mass.

The Liver

And kidneys are organs which it is important should be kept in good condition, and yet they are overworked and abused by nearly everybody, until they become worn out, clogged up or diseased. Hood's Sarsaparilla cures all difficulties with these organs, rouses them to healthy action, and tones the whole digestive organism. "I have been using Hood's Sarsaparilla for indigestion and liver trouble. It has greatly benefitted me, and I think it is fully as good a medicine as claimed." E. S. CHESBRO, chief engineer fire department, Stonington, Ct.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Sold by all druggists. $1; six for $5. Prepared only by C. I. HOOD & CO., Lowell, Mass.

100 Doses One Dollar.

Ely's Cream Balm
WILL CURE
CHILDREN
OF CATARRH.
Apply Balm into each nostril.
ELY BROS., 56 Warren St. N. Y.

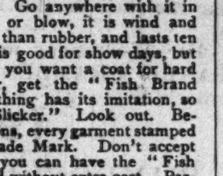
ELY'S CREAM BALM
CATARRH
CURES COLD IN HEAD
HAY-FEVER
ELY BROS. OWEGO, N.Y. U.S.A.

RAIN! RAIN! RAIN!

Ye Honest Milkman.
TOWER'S FISH BRAND

If there's one set of men who appreciate a good waterproof coat it is the farmer. He knows that a "Fish Brand Slicker" costs him less per year than any garment made. Did you know it rains or snows one day in three the whole year through? A "Fish Brand Slicker" makes every day a pleasant day to its lucky owner. Go anywhere with it in rain, hail, sleet, snow, or blow, it is wind and water proof. Costs less than rubber, and lasts ten times as long. Rubber is good for show days, but will rip in a week. If you want a coat for hard wear and hard weather, get the "Fish Brand Slicker." Every good thing has its imitation, so has the "Fish Brand Slicker." Look out. Beware of worthless imitations, every garment stamped with "Fish Brand" Trade Mark. Don't accept any inferior coat when you can have the "Fish Brand Slicker" delivered without extra cost. Particulars and illustrated catalogue free.

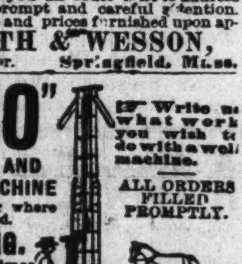
A. J. TOWER, - Boston, Mass.



IF YOU WISH A GOOD REVOLVER purchase one of the celebrated SMITH & WESSON arms. The finest small arms ever manufactured and the first choice of all experts. Manufactured in calibres 32, 38 and 44-100. Single or double action, Safety Hammerless and Target models. Constructed entirely of best quality wrought steel, carefully inspected for workmanship and stock, they are unrivaled for finish, durability and accuracy. Do not be deceived by cheap malleable cast-iron imitations which are often sold for the genuine article and are not only unreliable, but dangerous. The SMITH & WESSON Revolvers are all stamped upon the barrels with firm's name, address and dates of patents and are guaranteed perfect in every detail. Insist upon having the genuine article, and if your dealer cannot supply you an order sent to address below will receive prompt and careful attention. Descriptive catalogue and prices furnished upon application.

SMITH & WESSON,
☞ Mention this paper. Springfield, Mass.

THIS IS THE GREAT "OHIO" TUBULAR WELL AND PROSPECTING MACHINE famous for succeeding where others have failed.
SELF CLEANING.
Drill drops 60 to 90 times a minute.
CATALOGUE FREE.
LOOMIS & NYMAN,
TIFFIN, OHIO.



☞ Write us what work you wish to do with a well machine.
ALL ORDERS FILLED PROMPTLY.

DR. W. H. SARBER

Gives special attention to all delicate diseases of both sexs. Regulating remedies furnished. Cancers, cures guaranteed without the knife. Rupture, no cure no pay, and no pay until cured. Piles, Rectal Troubles successfully treated, a cure guaranteed. For the successful treatment of any other ills not mentioned call on or address, DR. SARBER, 50½ South Illinois Street, Indianapolis, Ind.
All letters containing 2c stamp promptly answered and medicines sent to order

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HALF RATES
TO THE
FARMING REGIONS
OF THE
WEST, SOUTHWEST, NORTHWEST.
For particulars call on your Ticket Agent or address P. S. EUSTIS, Gen'l Pass. Agt., C. B. & Q. R. R., Chicago.

GARMENTS GUARANTEED TO FIT PERFECT WITHOUT TRYING ON.
FREE
by return mail full descriptive circulars of MOODY'S NEW TAILOR SYSTEM OF DRESS CUTTING. Any lady of ordinary intelligence can easily and quickly learn to cut and make any garment, in any style to any measure for lady or child. Address MOODY & CO. CINCINNATI, O.

$75.00 to $250.00 A MONTH can be made working for us. Agents preferred who can furnish a horse and give their whole time to the business. Spare moments may be profitably employed also. A few vacancies in towns and cities. B. F. JOHNSON & CO., 1009 Main Street, Richmond, Va.

Please state age and business experience Never mind about sending stamp for reply, B. F. J. & CO.

OPIUM Habit. The only certain and easy cure. Dr. J. L. Stephens. Lebanon, Ohio.

CIRCUS MONEY

A splendid Story for BOYS and GIRLS.

The story is of a hero who worked hard to earn his spending money, meeting with many trials and triumphs, and how unselfishly he spent it. How determination overcame poverty. A boy who could think how to earn money in spite of obstacles, and could act nobly, even at a loss of his own pleasure. A pure story—sent free to any boy or girl who will pay the postage—only a 2-cent stamp required.

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GARMENTS Guaranteed TO FIT PERFECT without trying on.

FREE by return mail full descriptive circulars of MOODY'S NEW TAILOR SYSTEM OF DRESS CUTTING. Any lady of ordinary intelligence can easily and quickly learn to cut and make any garment, in any style to any measure for lady or child. Address MOODY & CO., Cincinnati, O.

DROPSY
TREATED FREE.
Positively Cured with Vegetable Remedies.

Have cured many thousand cases. Cure patients pronounced hopeless by the best physicians. From first dose symptoms rapidly disappear, and in ten days at least two-thirds of all symptoms are removed. Send for free book of testimonials of miraculous cures. Ten days treatment furnished free by mail. If you order trial, send 10 cents in stamps to pay postage. DR. H. H. GREEN & SONS, Atlanta, Ga.

CHICHESTER'S ENGLISH
PENNYROYAL PILLS
RED CROSS DIAMOND BRAND.

Safe and always reliable. Ladies, ask Druggist for Diamond Brand, in red, metallic boxes, sealed with blue ribbon. Take no other. All pills in pasteboard boxes, pink wrappers, are dangerous counterfeits. Send 4c. (stamps) for particulars, testimonials and "Relief for Ladies," in letter, by return mail. Name Paper. Chichester Chem'l Co., Madison Sq., Phila., Pa.

BIG G
Cures in 1 TO 5 DAYS. Guaranteed not to cause Stricture.
M'f'd only by the Evans Chemical Co. Cincinnati, Ohio.
Trade Mark
I prescribe and fully endorse Big G as the only specific for the certain cure of this disease.
G. H. INGRAHAM, M. D., Amsterdam, N. Y.
We have sold Big G for many years, and it has given the best of satisfaction.
D. R. DYCHE & CO., Chicago, Ill.
$1.00. Sold by Druggists.

DR. PARKER'S
Medical & Surgical Institute
151½ N. Spruce St., Nashville, Tenn.

Treat and Cure all Chronic Diseases. Deformities and Surgical Cases. Sexual Diseases of Men, Women and Children the results of Imperfect Development. Evil Habits or Excesses. Opium and the Whiskey Habit, etc. Sanitarium and Private Lying-in Hospital in connection. Write for circular.

PISO'S CURE FOR
CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS.
Best Cough Syrup. Tastes good. Use in time. Sold by druggists.
CONSUMPTION
25 CTS 25 CTS

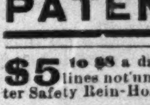
DOUBLE Breech-Loader $6.75.
RIFLES $2.00
PISTOLS 75c
GUNS
WATCHES, CLOCKS, etc.
All kinds cheaper than elsewhere. Before you buy, send stamp for Catalogue. Address POWELL & CLEMENT, 180 Main Street, Cincinnati, Ohio.

BASE BALL CHADWICK'S MANUAL.
7 in. x 5 in. 70 pages. Illuminated Cover. SENT FREE on application enclosing one (c) stamp by addressing THEODORE HOLLAND, P. O. Box. 120, Philadelphia.

OPIUM vs. MORPHINE HABIT cured in 8 to 19 days. Home or Sanitarium Treatment. Trial Free. Address THE COMPOUND OXYGEN ASSOCIATION, FORT WAYNE, IND.

LADIES' Eng. Tansy Pills. Safe, prompt, effectual. Try the original and only genuine Woman's Salvation. Cir. and sworn testimony 2 stps. Pkg by mail $1.04. Warranted. DR. CATON, Box 5257, BOSTON, MASS.

HOME STUDY. Book-keeping, business forms Penmanship, Arithmetic, Short-hand, etc thoroughly taught by MAIL. Circulars free. BRYANT'S BUSINESS COLLEGE. Buffalo, N. Y.



PRICE-LISTS OF RUG MACHINES, Patterns and Yarns, and Colored Pattern Book free. Agents Wanted E. ROSS & CO., Toledo, Ohio

PATENTS F. A. LEHMANN Washington, D. C. Send for Circular.

$5 to $8 a day. Samples worth $2.15 FREE, lines not under the horse's feet. Write Brewster Safety Rein-Holder Company, HOLLY, MICH.

INU 40—39 INDPLS

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YOUNG MEN Learn Telegraphy here and we will help you to good situations. Address American School of Telegraphy, Madison, Wis. MENTION THIS PAPER WHEN WRITING TO ADVERTISERS.

THE BEST PRICE COUGH 25 CTS. MEDICINE.
PISO'S CURE FOR CONSUMPTION.
FOR SALE BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

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LOGANSPORT, IND.

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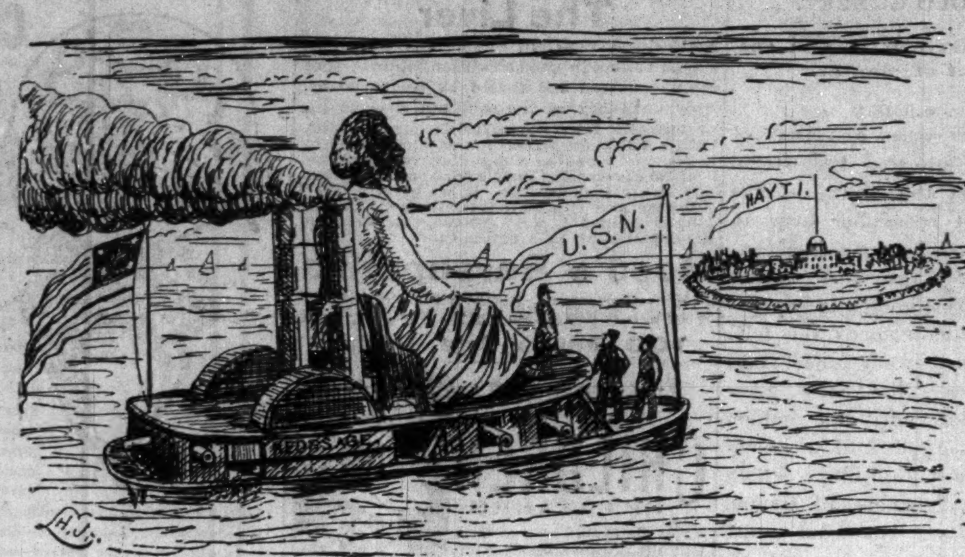
JOSEPH H. HUNTER, ATTORNEY, WASHINGTON, D. C., WILL GET YOUR PENSION without DELAY.



HON. FREDERICK DOUGLASS OFF FOR HAYTI.

LOCAL HAPPENINGS.

Mrs. Theo. Lee is suffering from rheumatism.

Additional local news will be found on the fifth page.

Mrs. Edward Williams departed this life last week.

Rev. Tucker Wilson, of New Albany was in the city last week.

Mrs. W. M. Britton, of Chicago, is visiting friends in the city this week.

Call at the Dwinnell Shoe Company, 55 N. Illinois St., for the finest shoes for the least money.

Call at Housekeepers, 20 W. Washington street and see the immense stock of every kind of article.

Rev. J. W. Carr will take his annual vacation next week. He will visit Texas and the great southwest.

Rev. J. A. Davis, the new pastor o Allen Chapel and whose portrait appears in this issue of The Freeman, is in the city.

The Dwinnell Shoe Co. cannot be excelled for bargains. You get leather and not compressed paper. A neat fit and at bottom prices.

Go to the Dwinnell Shoe Co. for durable foot wear where you will find a large stock to choose from and genial clerks to wait on you, who deem it no trouble to show you their stock.

Winter is coming, your summer shoes are thin and worn, lay them away and call at the Dwinnell Shoe Co., 55 N. Illinois St., and make a purchase that you will not regret.

Political Anncuncement!

Charles Miles is a candidate for City Clerk, subject to the decision of tde Republican nominating convention.

Al Taffe is a candidate for city clerk, subject to the decision of the Republican nominating convention.

Fred Gaul is a candidate for re-election to the council from the 23rd ward. Subject to the decision of the Democratic Nominating Convention.

Wm. Wilson is a candidate for re-election to the Council from the Fourth Ward, subject to the decision of the Republican nominating convention.

Vote for Richard Nolen, candidate for the council of the 25th ward on Democratic ticket. Election Oct. 8.

Vote for M. J. Burns, candidate for council of the 15th ward on Democratic ticket, Election Oct. 8.

Vote for A. E. Austin, candidate for council of the 19th ward on Democratic ticket. Election Oct 8.

Vote for Martin Murphy, candidate for the council of the 21st ward on Democratic ticket. Election Oct. 8

VOTE FOR

Thomas Markey,

Candidate for the council of the 23d ward on the Democratic ticket.

Election Oct. 8th.

VOTE FOR

E. J. Sherer,

Candidate for the council of the 4th ward on the Democratic ticket.

VOTE FOR

John T. Budenz,

Candidate for the council of the 2 st ward on the Democratic ticket.

VOTE FOR

C. R. Olson,

Candidate for the council of the 20th ward on the Democratic ticket.

VOTE FOR

Peter Sindlinger,

Candidate for the council of the 13th ward on the Democratic ticket

VOTE FOR

C. Martin,

Candidate for alderman of the — district on the Democratic ticket.

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NUBIAN BLACKING.

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